

MODERN

COMICS

AUGUST
No.76

10¢

Blackhawk
meets

TIGRA,
BEAUTIFUL *and*
HEARTLESS!





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BLACKHAWK



This is Bolvania... a city born of strife and violence, its past a tragic episode written in blood, its present a gallant struggle against ruthless enemies to restore a semblance of peace to its people! Into this battle plunge the daring **BLACKHAWKS**, matching strength and wits against a female Judas known as **TIGRA**, and her brood of traitorous jackals who form a ring of steel around...

The BESIEGED CITY!



Our story opens on Blackhawk Island—

HERE'S AN S.O.S. I JUST PICKED UP, BLACKHAWK! IT'S IN CODE, BUT WAS BEAMED ON OUR SECRET FREQUENCY!

LET'S HAVE A LOOK, CHUCK!



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF EET, BLACKHAWK?

IT'S TROUBLE, ANDRE! THE CODE USED IS THE SECRET ONE WE DEvised FOR VULCAN BEDNAR, THE PRIME MINISTER OF BOLVANIA!



HMM! IT LOOKS BAD! REVOLT HAS BROKEN OUT IN THE COUNTRY! THE REBELS HAVE CAPTURED ALL STRATEGIC POINTS AND ARE BESIEGING THE CAPITOL!

BY GOLLY, DOT LITTLE COUNTRY ISS ALWAYS IN TROUBLE! WE SHOULD HELP SMASH A DOSE REBELS VUNCE AND FOR ALL!



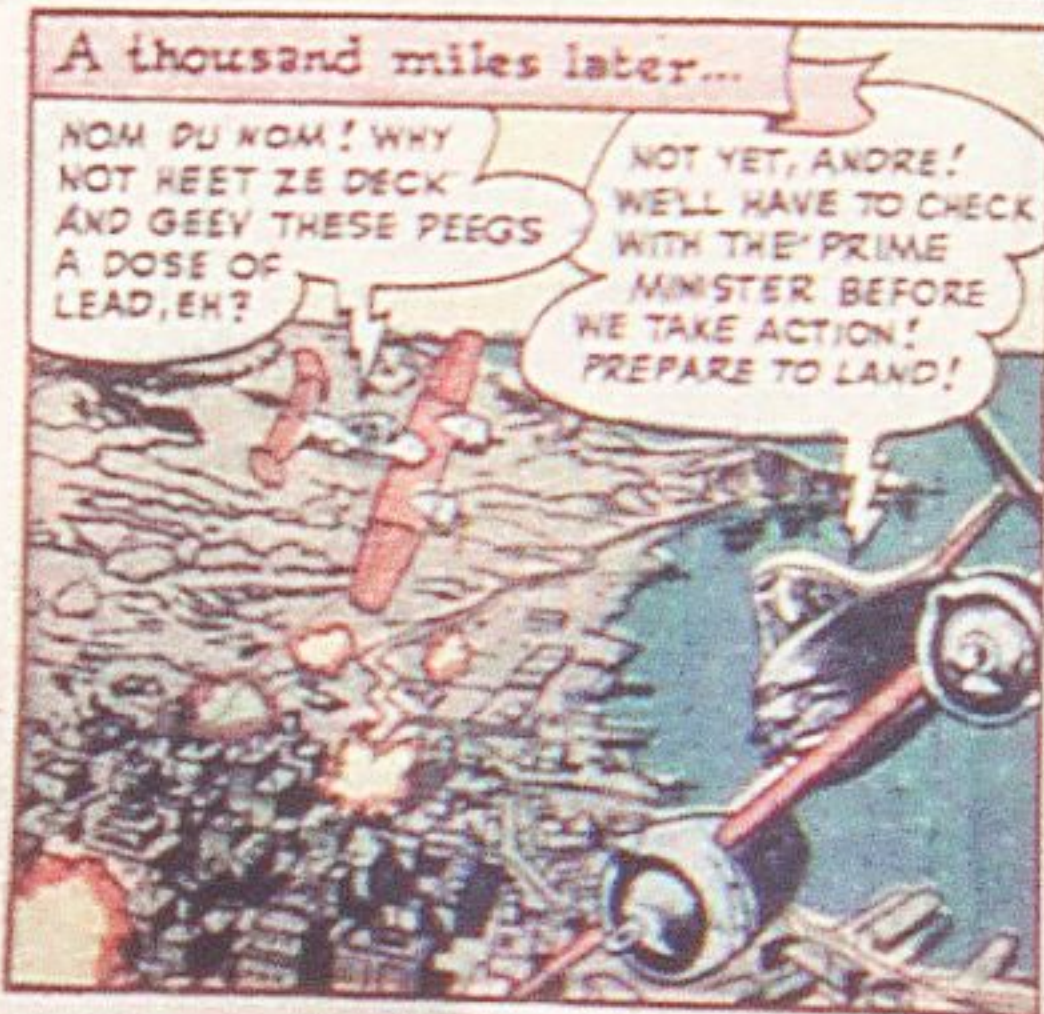
TAKE OFF AND CIRCLE THE FIELD AT THREE THOUSAND FEET! WE'LL SET COURSE AFTER WE MAKE FORMATION!

BY GAR! DERE BAN NO TIME TO LOSE!



FLY TIGHT, BOYS! WE'LL HAVE TO CRASH THE REBEL RING TO LAND IN THE CITY!

ROGER!



A thousand miles later...

NOM DU NOM! WHY NOT HEET ZE DECK AND GEEV THESE PEEGS A DOSE OF LEAD, EH?

NOT YET, ANDRE! WE'LL HAVE TO CHECK WITH THE PRIME MINISTER BEFORE WE TAKE ACTION! PREPARE TO LAND!



AH, BLACKHAWK! THANK GOODNESS YOU HAVE COME! THE PRIME MINISTER AWAITS YOU!

GOOD! I HAVEN'T SEEN THE P.M. IN YEARS! HOW GOES THE BATTLE?



AND THAT'S THE STORY, BLACKHAWK! THE REBEL RANKS ARE THICK WITH FOREIGN MERCENARIES, UNSCRUPULOUS ADVENTURERS, AND NATIVE TRAITORS! THEY CAUGHT US COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE AND ARE WELL ARMED!

WHAT ARE YOUR MILITARY PLANS?



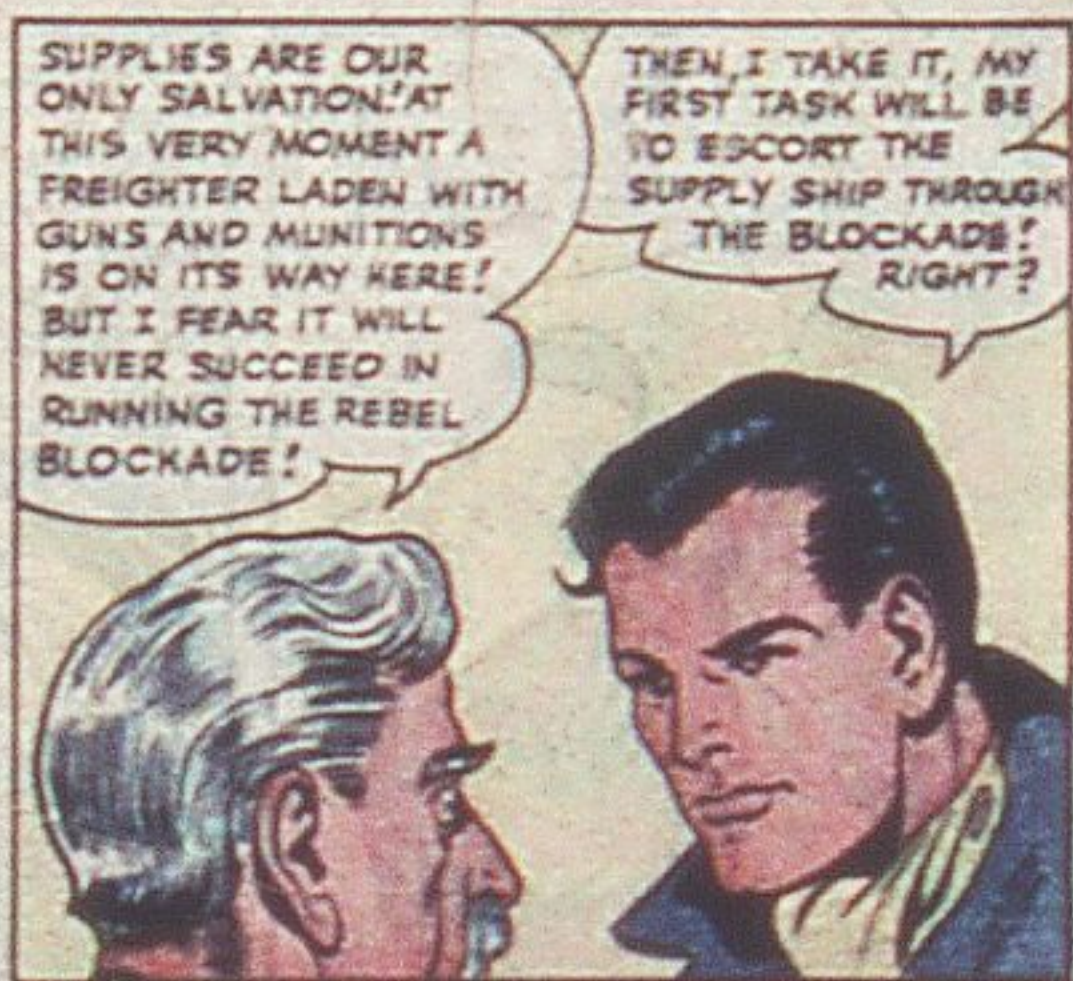
OF WHAT USE ARE MILITARY PLANS WHEN OUR OWN RANKS ARE HONEYCOMBED WITH SPIES AND TRAITORS? OUR EVERY MOVE IS KNOWN TO THEM BEFORE OUR CONFERENCES ARE ENDED!

HMM, THAT IS BAD! WHO LEADS THE REBELS, YOUR EXCELLENCY?



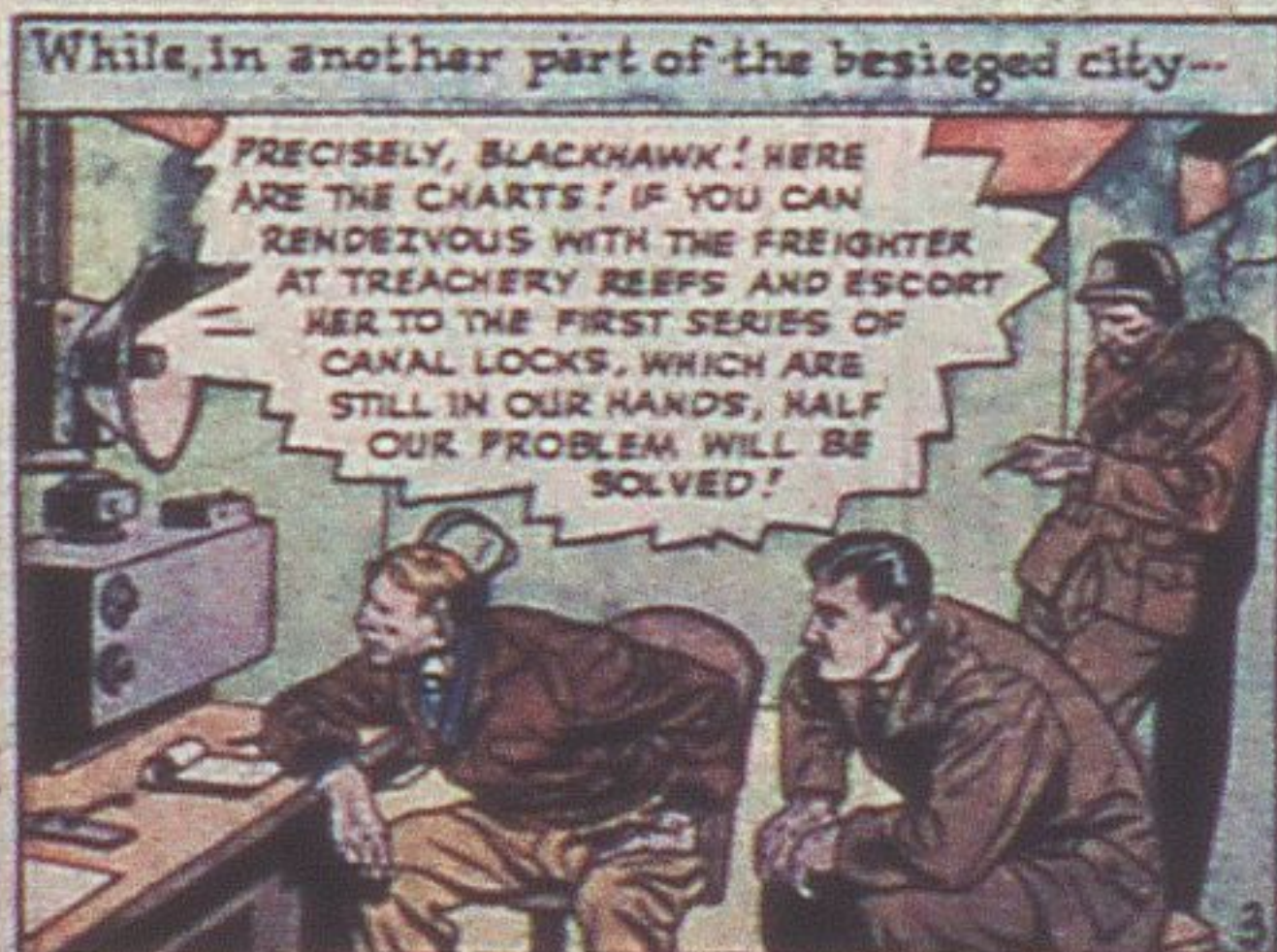
STRANGELY ENOUGH, THEIR LEADER IS A WOMAN KNOWN ONLY AS TIGRA! SHE IS AS CRUEL AND RUTHLESS AS HER NAME IMPLIES!

SHE MUST BE CLEVER INDEED TO HAVE BUILT AS EFFICIENT AN ORGANIZATION AS THESE REBELS HAVE! HOW ABOUT YOUR SUPPLIES, SIR?



SUPPLIES ARE OUR ONLY SALVATION! AT THIS VERY MOMENT A FREIGHTER LADEN WITH GUNS AND MUNITIONS IS ON ITS WAY HERE! BUT I FEAR IT WILL NEVER SUCCEED IN RUNNING THE REBEL BLOCKADE!

THEN, I TAKE IT, MY FIRST TASK WILL BE TO ESCORT THE SUPPLY SHIP THROUGH THE BLOCKADE! RIGHT?



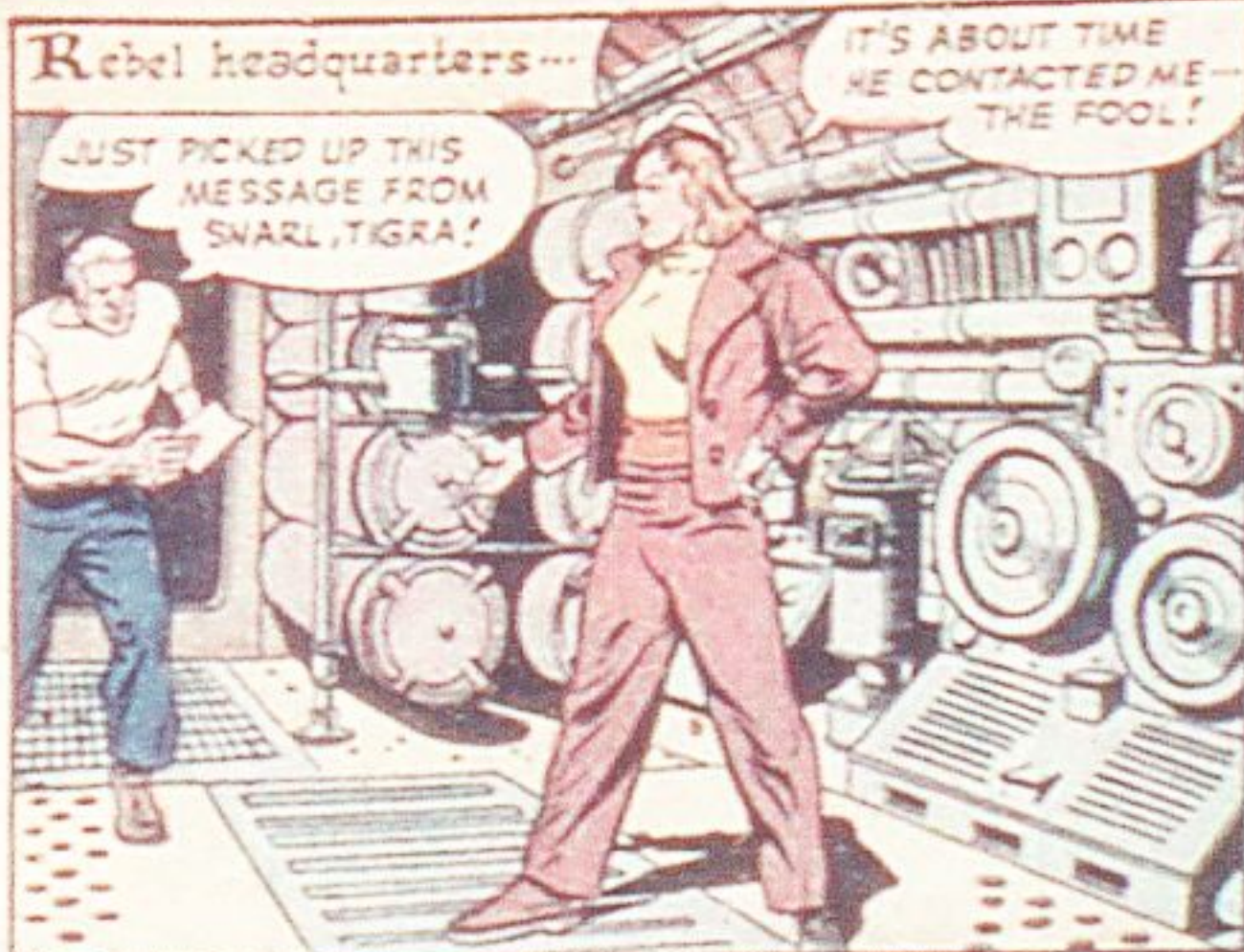
While, in another part of the besieged city--

PRECISELY, BLACKHAWK! HERE ARE THE CHARTS! IF YOU CAN RENDEZVOUS WITH THE FREIGHTER AT TREACHERY REEFS AND ESCORT HER TO THE FIRST SERIES OF CANAL LOCKS, WHICH ARE STILL IN OUR HANDS, HALF OUR PROBLEM WILL BE SOLVED!



VERY CONVENIENT GADGET, EH? TIGRA WILL BE HAPPY TO HEAR THIS! CONTACT HEADQUARTERS AND RELAY THE INFORMATION!

AS YOU SAY, SNARL!



Meanwhile, at Treschery Reef...

THERE'S THE FREIGHTER, TIGRA! TELL THOSE MEN TO HURRY!

ROW, YOU SWABS! IF YOU'RE NOT FINISHED BY THE TIME THE FREIGHTER ARRIVES, I'LL BLAST THE LOT OF YOU!



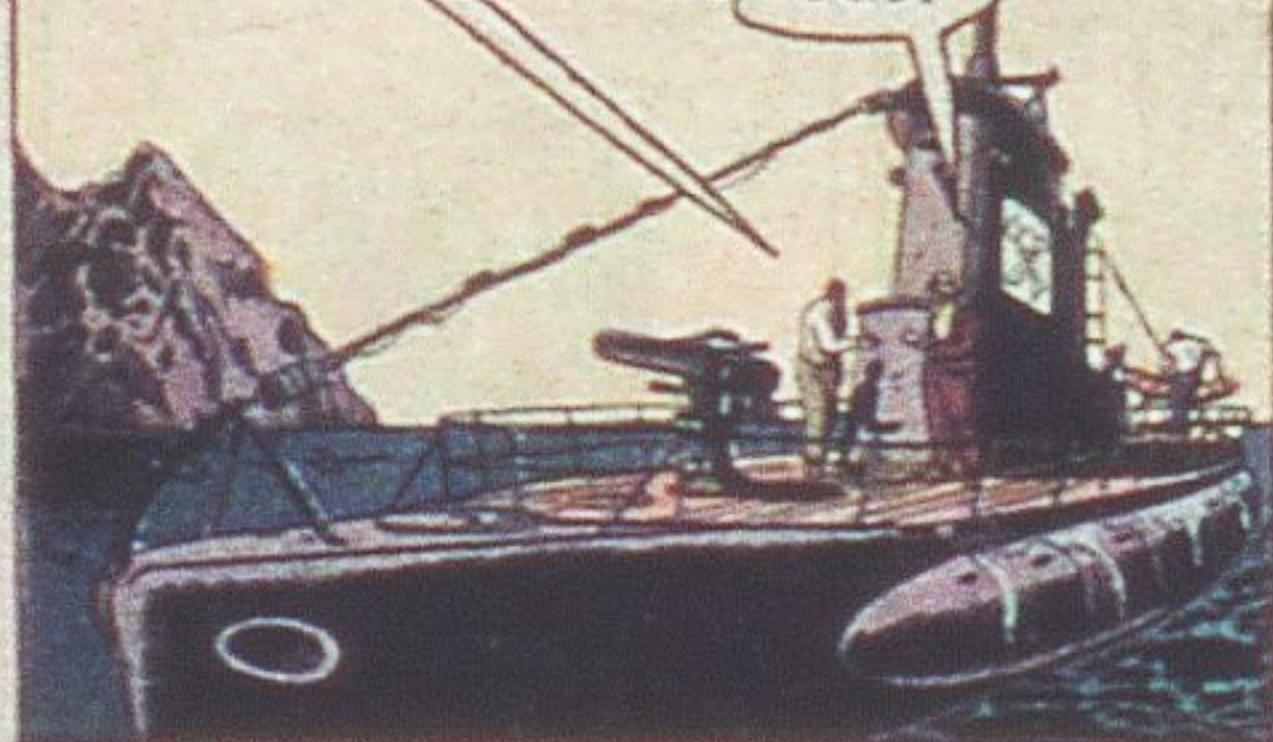
GOOD! THEY'RE FINISHED SWITCHING THE MARKERS! THE FREIGHTER WILL MISS THE CHANNEL AND SMASH INTO THE REEF!

IF THERE'S A FIGHTER ESCORT CONVOYING THAT SHIP, I DON'T SEE IT!



URGENT! JUST CAME IN FROM SHORE STATION!

I'LL SAY IT'S URGENT! SNARL TOOK OFF WITH THE FIGHTER ESCORT! I'LL MURDER HIM IF HE UPSETS MY PLANS!



WHAT CAN THE FOOL BE DOING? HE ASKS THAT WE REMAIN IN THE VICINITY OF THE REEFS UNTIL THE FREIGHTER ARRIVES!

THAT'S SUICIDE! THE FIGHTERS WILL BLAST US OUT OF THE SEA!



ENGINE ROOM! SUBMERGE TO THREE FATHOMS! HOLD HER STEADY AT THAT DEPTH!

GOOD! WE'LL BE ABLE TO USE THE PERISCOPE IF NECESSARY!

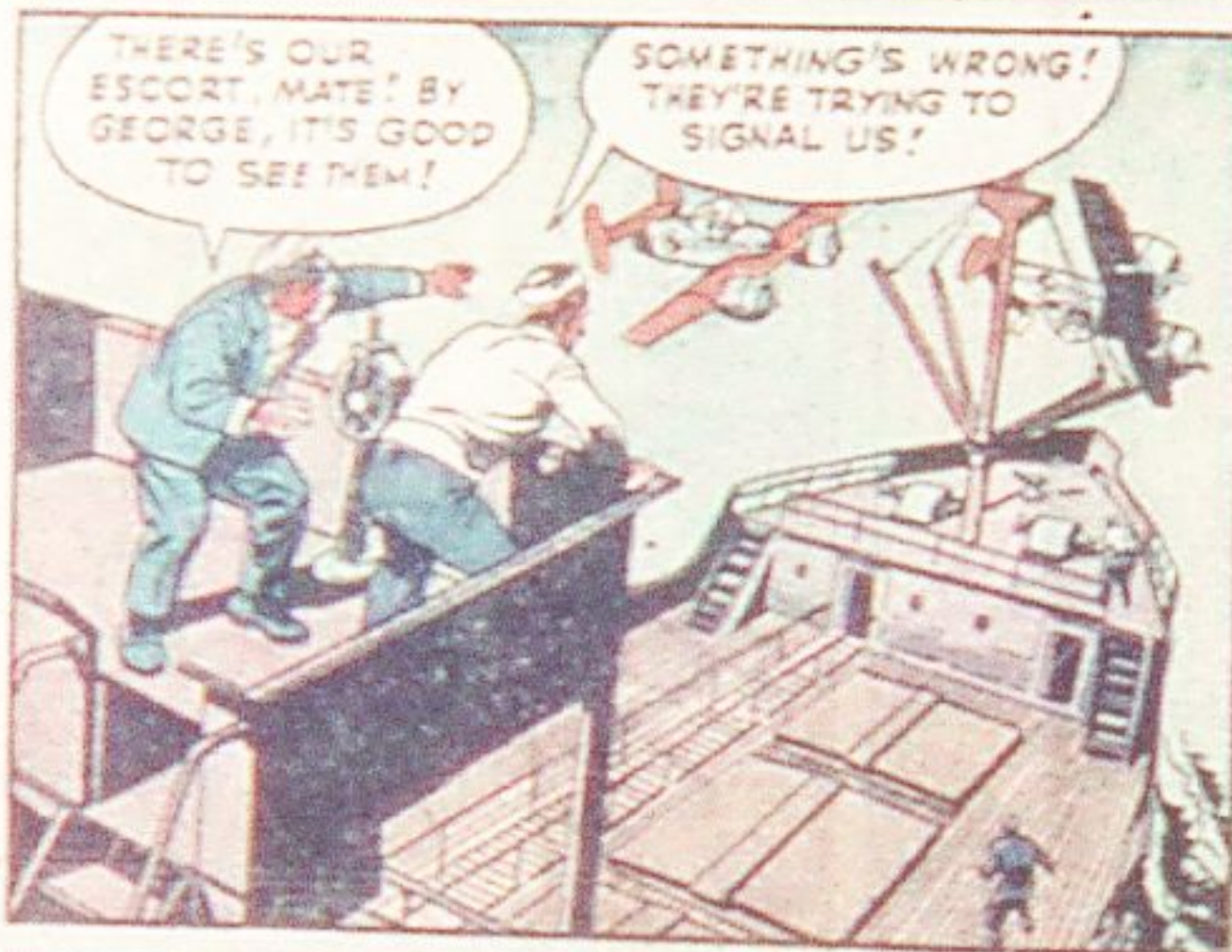
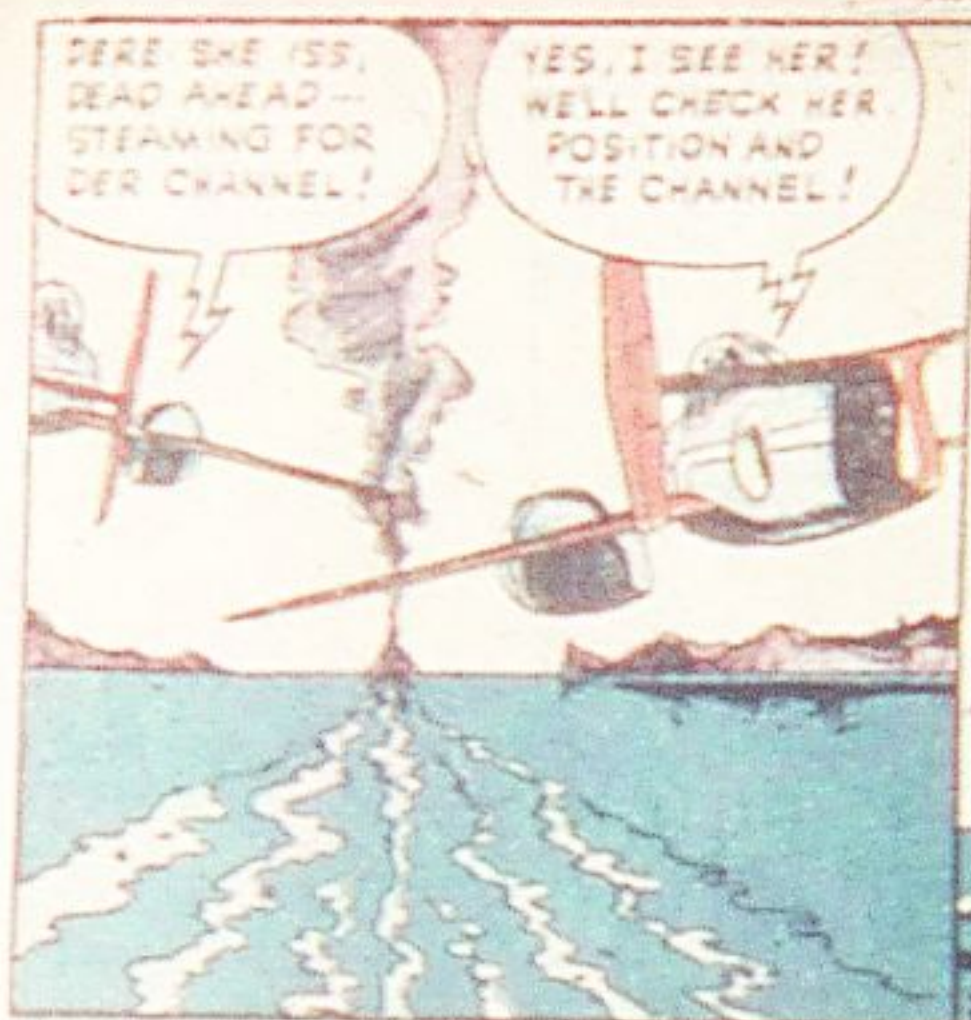


While, far above...

ANY SIGN OF THE FREIGHTER, BOYS? THIS IS THE RENDEZVOUS POINT!

NOT A SIGN, BLACK-HAWK! EET EES POSSIBLE ZAT SHE EES RUNNING AHEAD OF TIME! LET US TAKE A RUN TO BE REEFS, EN!







EH, HOLA? SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG WITH BLACKHAWK'S PLANE! EN AVANT, MES AMIS!



BLUB-UB- YOU'LL PAY FOR YOUR TREACHERY, SNARL!

TAKE HIM ABOARD, MEN! WE'LL HAVE TO SUBMERGE BEFORE HIS FRIENDS RETURN!



SACRE MONDE! DO NOT SHOOT, MES AMIS! ZERE EES LEETLE WE CAN DO RIGHT NOW FOR BLACKHAWK!



WE'LL RETURN TO BOLVANIA, REPORT TO THE PRIME MINISTER AND THEN ATTEND TO THEE'S LEETLE MATTER!



START TALKING, SNARL! WHAT SORT OF JOKE IS THIS?

NO JOKE AT ALL, MY DEAR TIGRA! THIS IS BLACKHAWK, LEADER OF THE FIGHTER ESCORT YOU JUST SAW! I BELIEVE HE PLANNED TO CRUSH OUR LITTLE REVOLUTION, EH, BLACKHAWK?



YOUR ROTTEN PLOT WILL FIZZLE OUT OF ITS OWN ACCORD, SNARL! TRAITORS ARE NEVER SUCCESSFUL VERY LONG!

THE FUTURE WILL DECIDE THAT, MY FRIEND, BUT YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO SEE IT!



THAT FREIGHTER WILL REACH THE CANAL LOCKS SAFELY AND YOU'LL ALL BE SERVED SOME OF THE EXPLOSIVE COCKTAILS SHE CARRIES AS CARGO!

I DON'T THINK SO, MY FRIEND! I PLAN TO BLOW THAT SHIP UP, AND THE CANAL WITH IT!

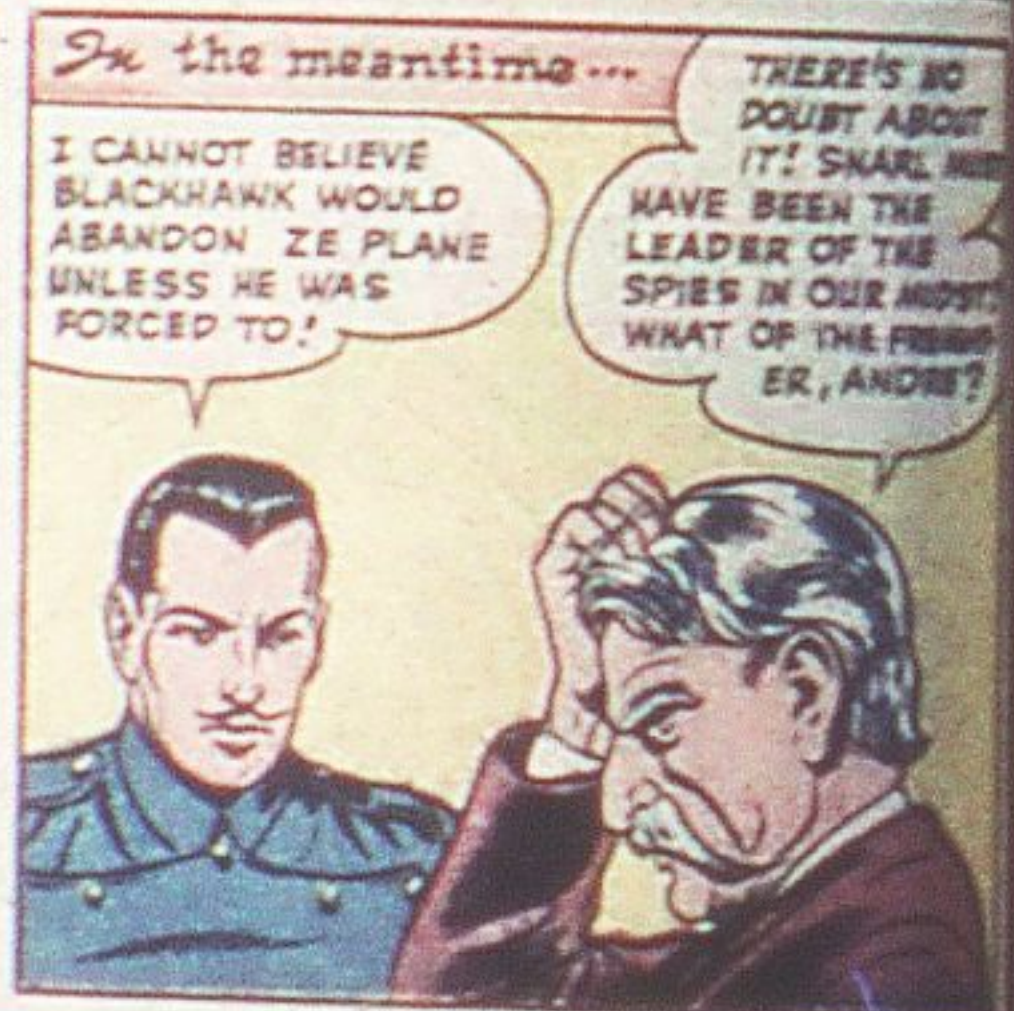


YOU WONDER HOW, EH? YOU AND SIX OF MY MEN DRESSED IN BLACKHAWK UNIFORMS WILL BOARD THE FREIGHTER AND FUSE HER CARGO! BUT YOU ALONE SHALL REMAIN TO WITNESS THE FIREWORKS!

YOU SEE-DEVIL! YOU WOULDN'T DARE!



THIS INJECTION WILL NUMB YOUR MIND AND BODY! YOU'LL HAVE FEW OBJECTIONS TO ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS FROM NOW ON!



In the meantime...

I CANNOT BELIEVE BLACKHAWK WOULD ABANDON ZE PLANE UNLESS HE WAS FORCED TO!

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! SKARL MUST HAVE BEEN THE LEADER OF THE SPIES IN OUR MIST. WHAT OF THE FREIGHTER, ANDRE?



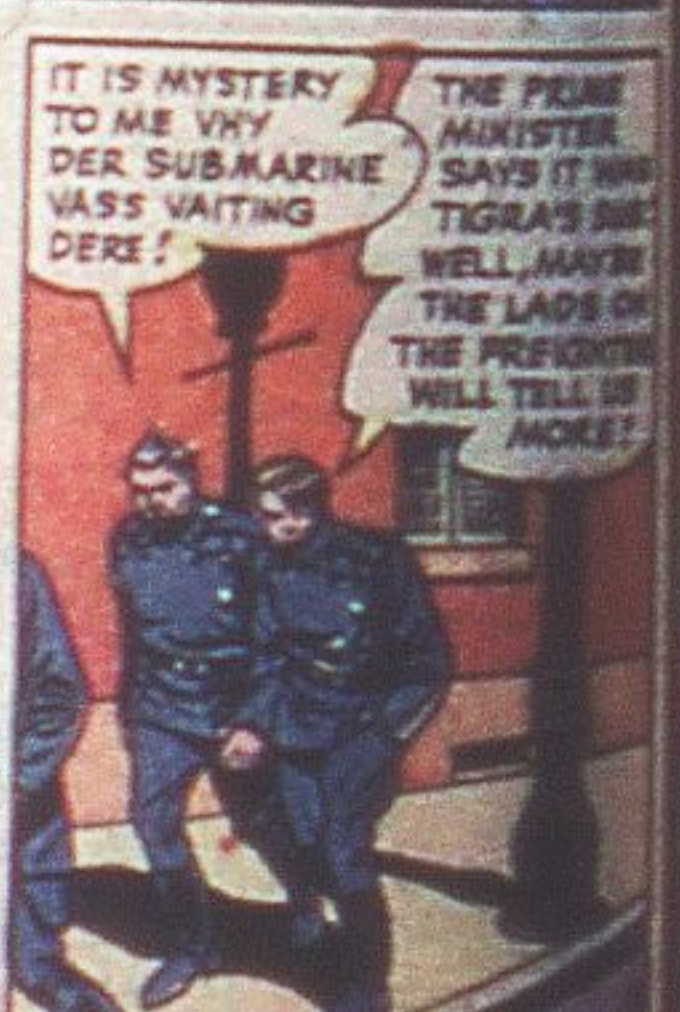
SHE'S SAFE AT ZE CANAL LOCKS!

AT LEAST HER MUNITIONS WILL ENABLE US TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT! I OFFER YOU EVERY RESOURCE AT MY COMMAND, IN YOUR SEARCH FOR YOUR LEADER!



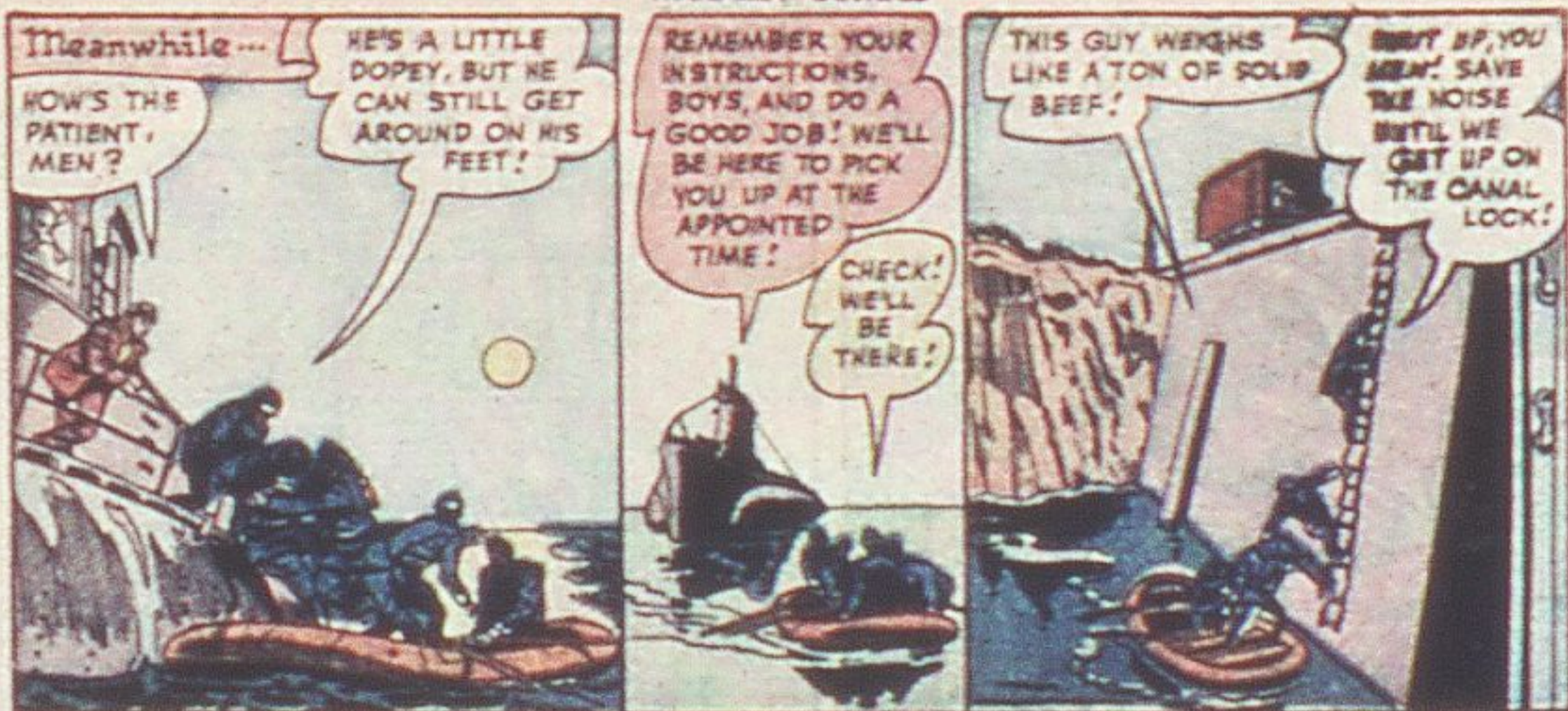
SOMEWHERE WE MUST PICK UP A CLUE TO ZE SUBMARINE'S WHEREABOUTS... AND THEIR INTENTIONS!

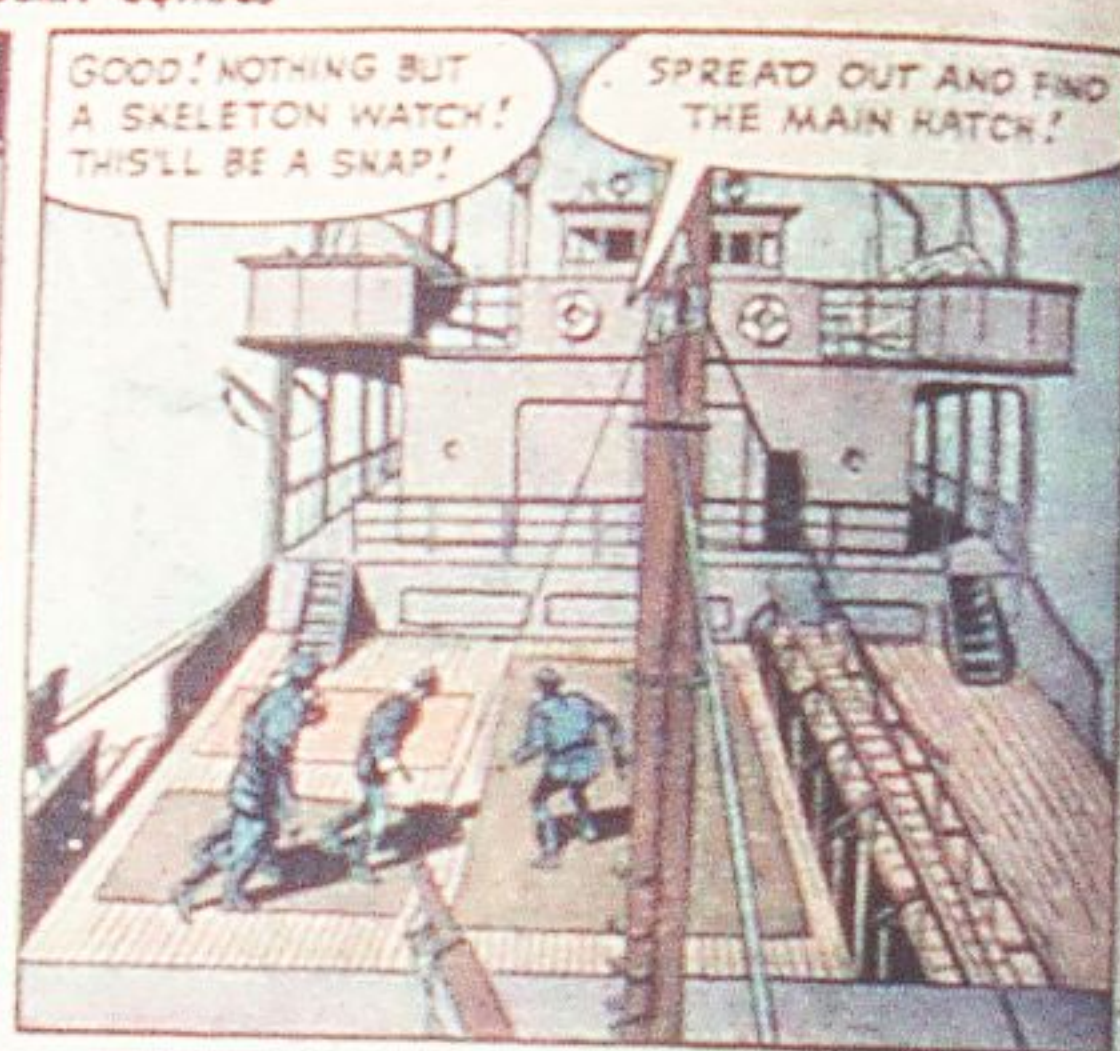
SAILOR BOYS ON FREIGHTER MAYBE KNOW MORE ABOUT STANGE ACCIDENT! THEY PLENTY CLOSE WHEN BLACKHAWK PICKED UP BY SUBMARINE!

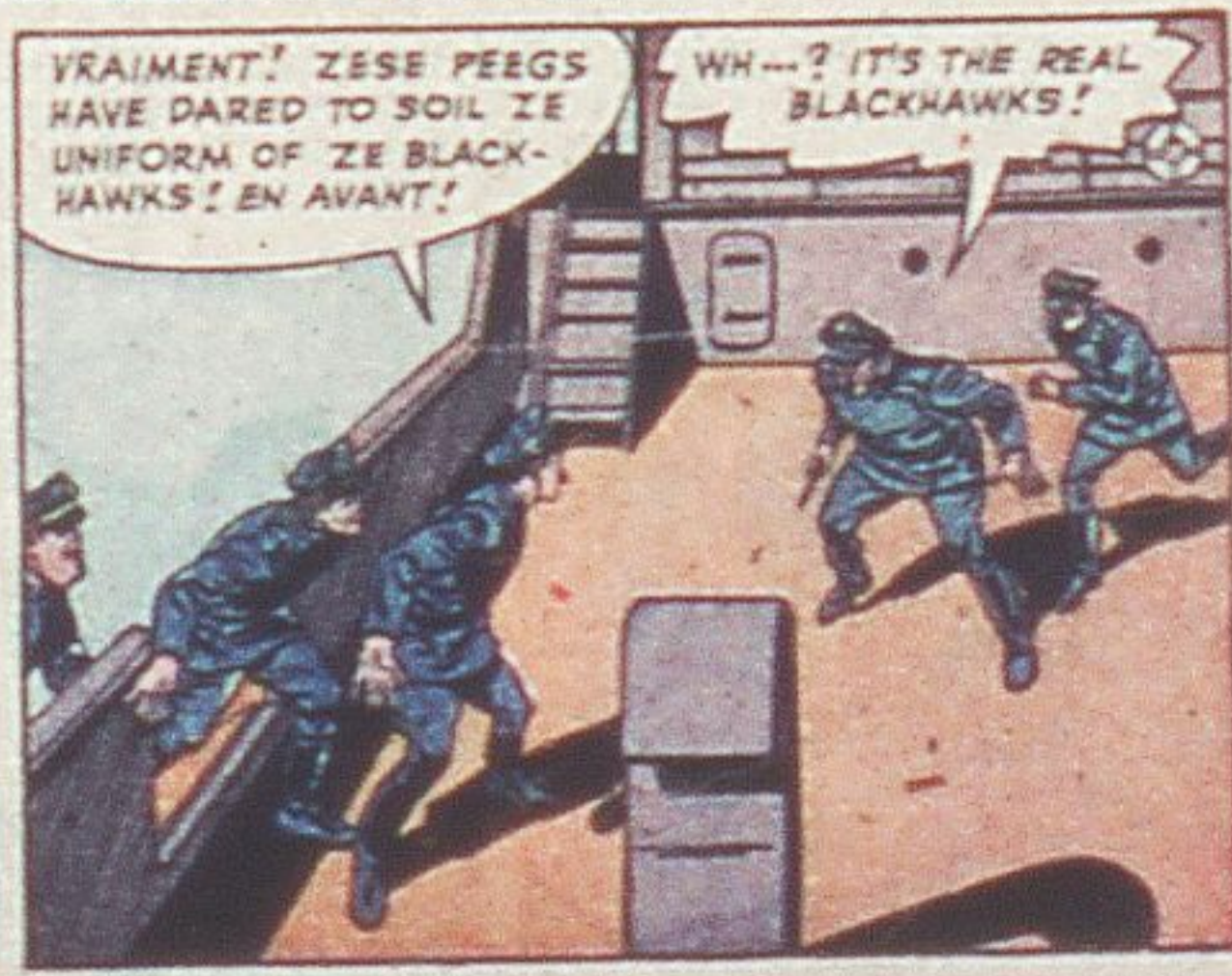


IT IS MYSTERY TO ME WHY DER SUBMARINE VASS WAITING DERE!

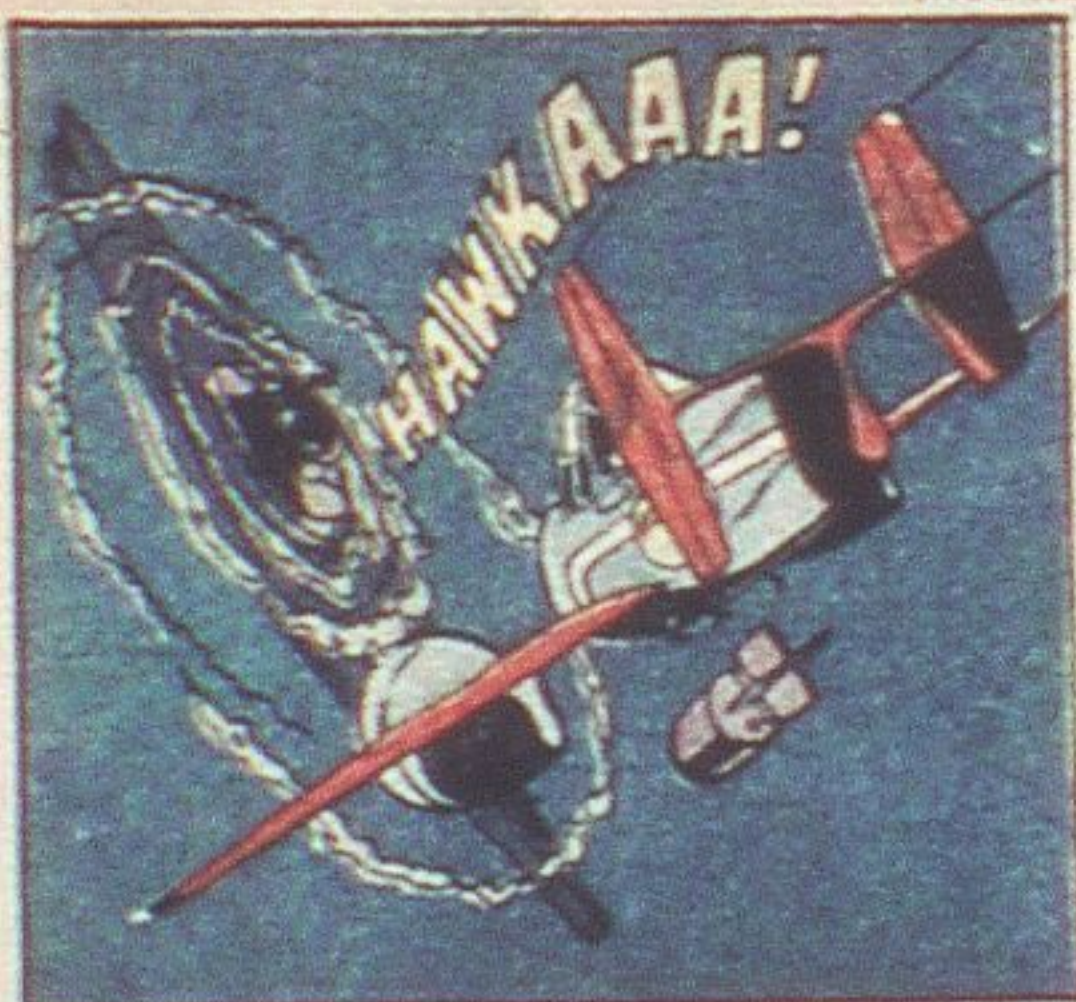
THE PRIME MINISTER SAYS IT WAS TIGRA'S DOG. WELL, MAYBE THE LADS ON THE FREIGHTER WILL TELL US MORE!



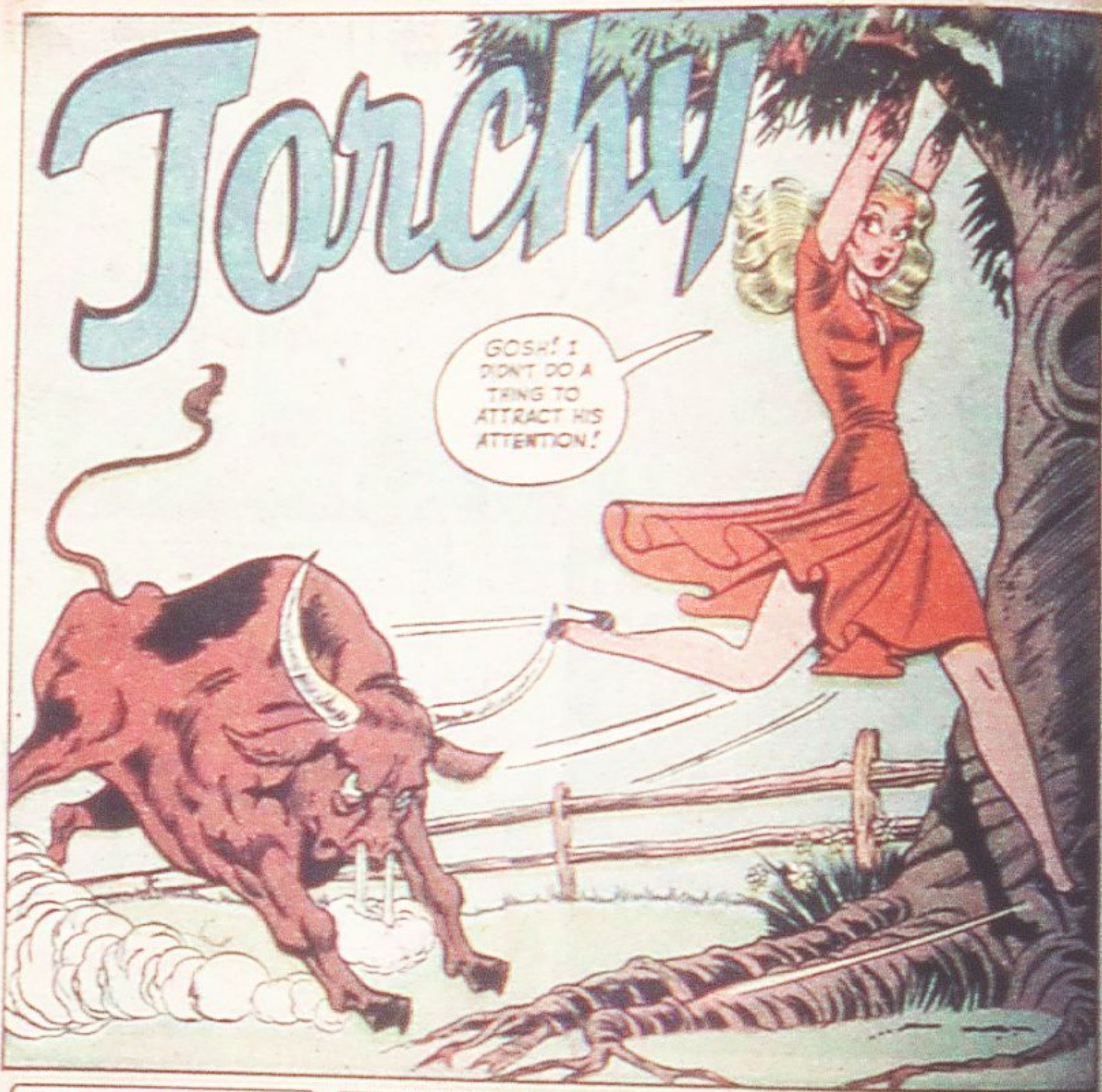








Torchy



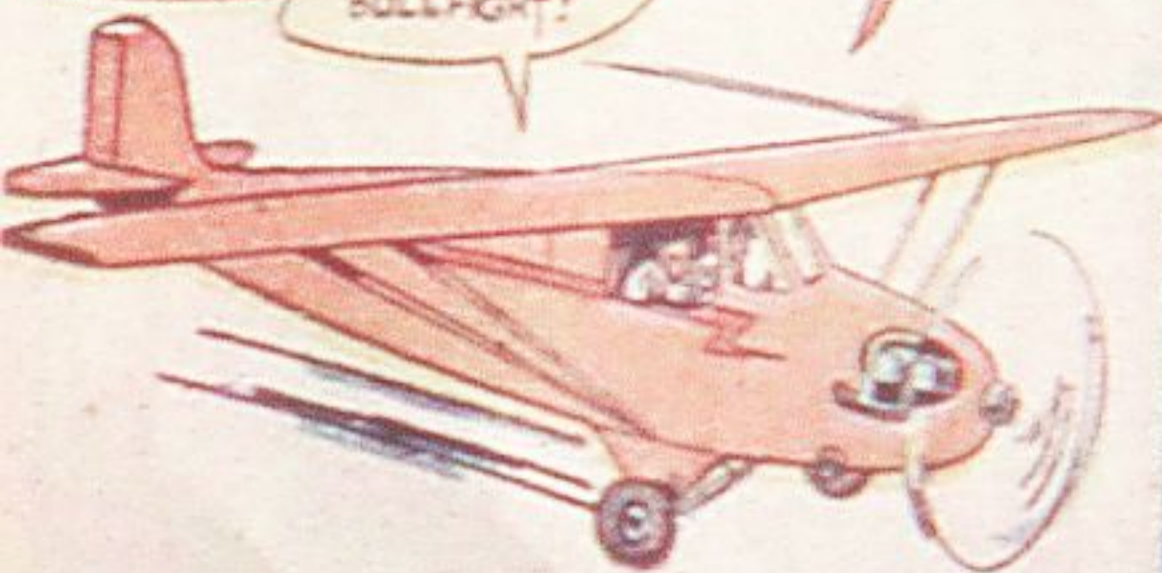
GOSH! I DIDN'T DO A THING TO ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION!

MIGUEL, IT WAS SWEET OF YOU TO FLY ALL THE WAY UP FROM BELOW THE BORDER— JUST TO TAKE ME TO YOUR BULLFIGHT!

FOR YOU, TORCHY, I FLY TO MARS!

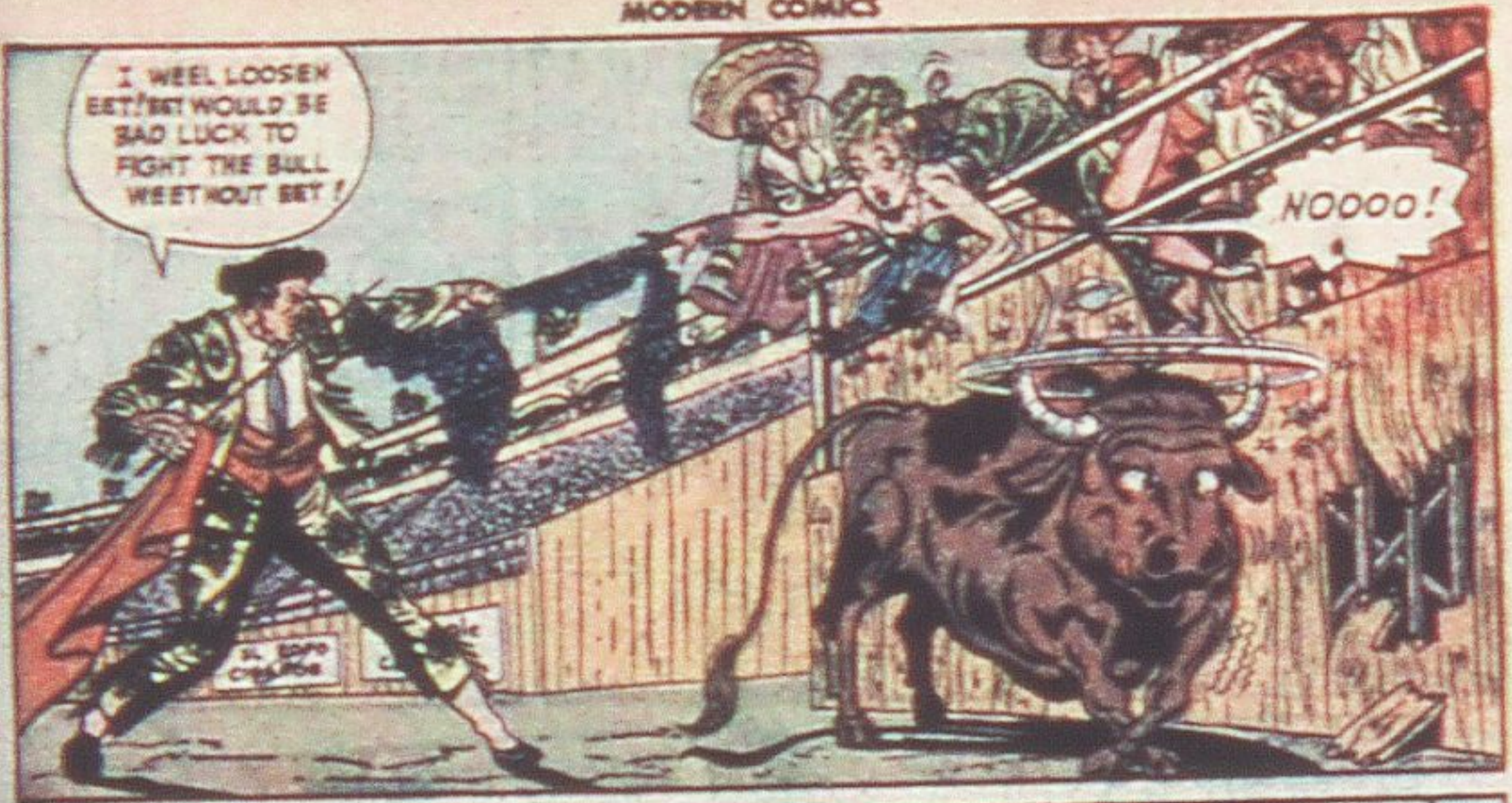
GOODNESS! IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE A BIG, STRONG BULLFIGHTER LIKE YOU CAN GO SO SOFT OVER AN ORDINARY GIRL!

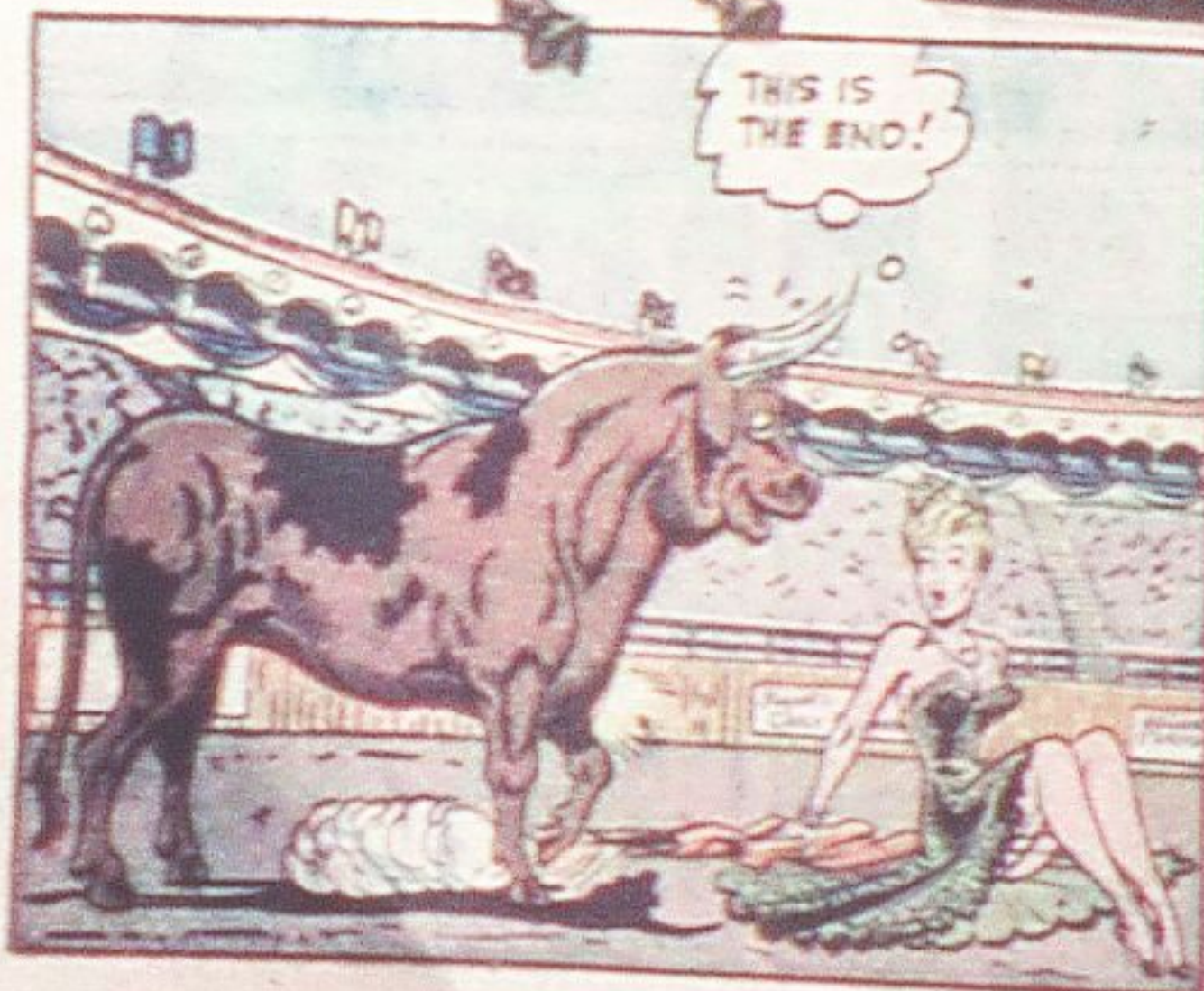
ORDINARY GIRL? CARAMBA! YOU ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL QUEEN EEN THE WORLD, AND THE STRONGEST CREATURE EEN THE WORLD WOULD MELT AT THE SIGHT OF YOU!

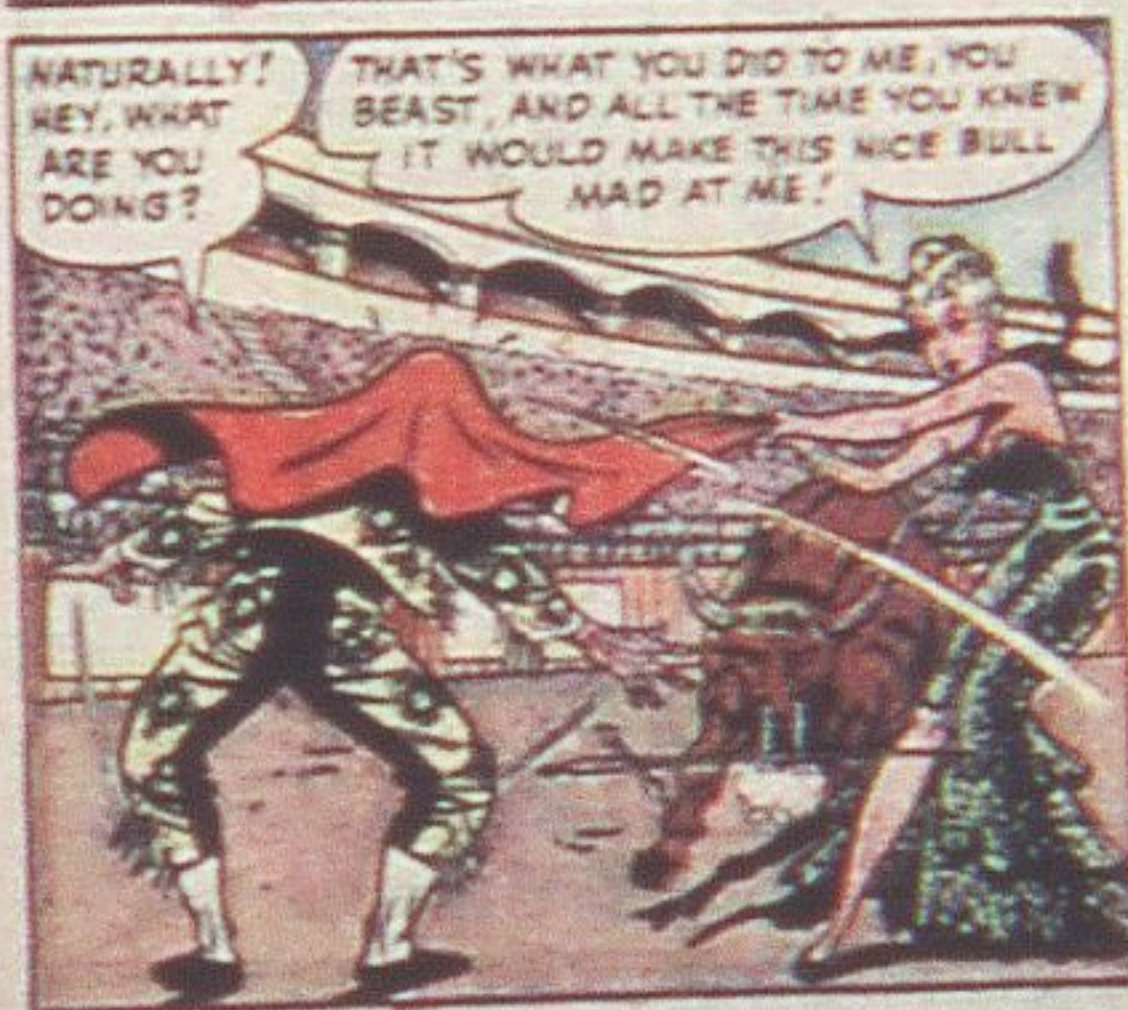




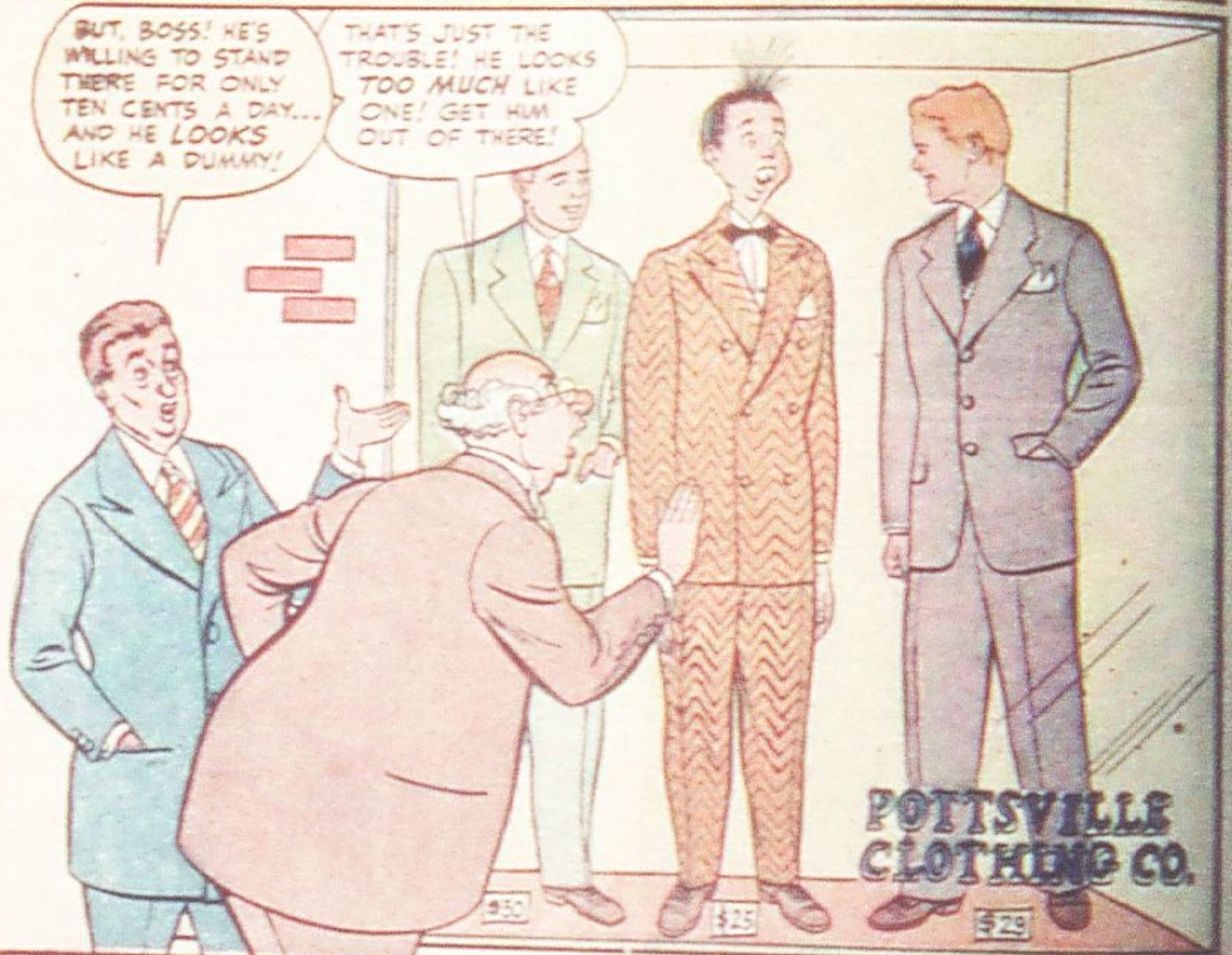








DOGTAG

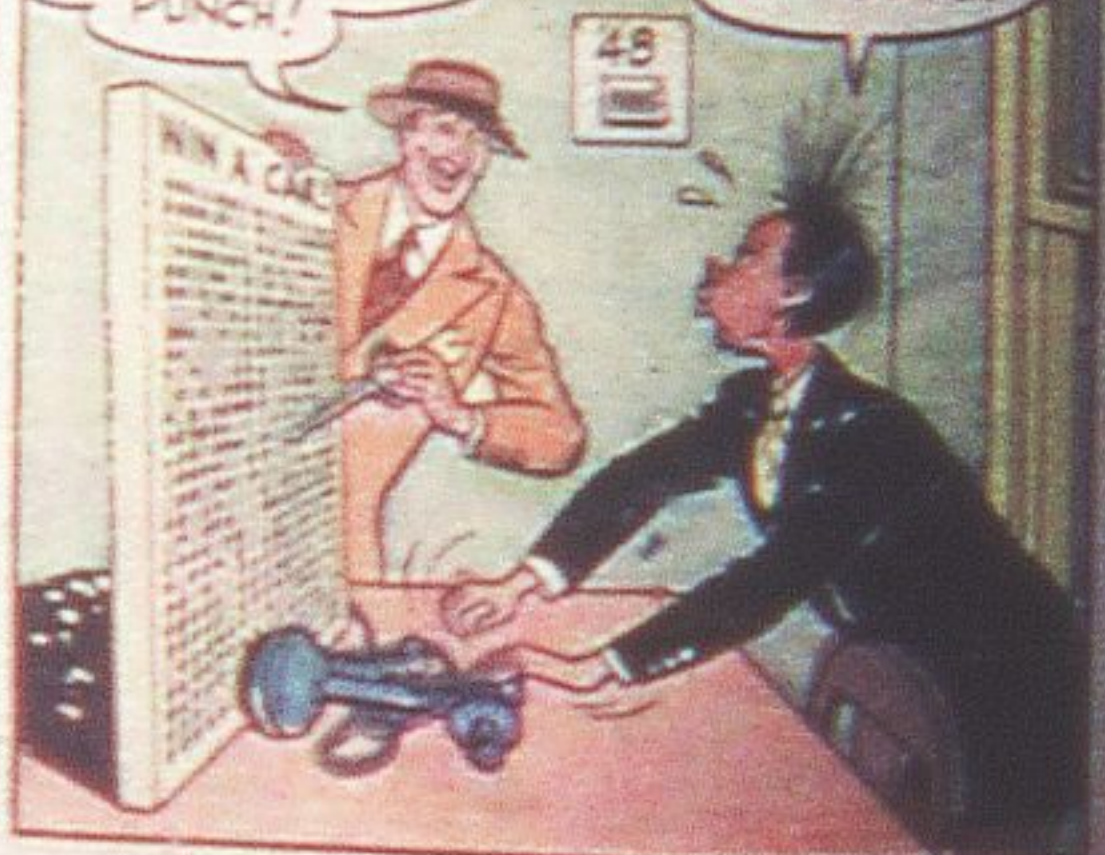


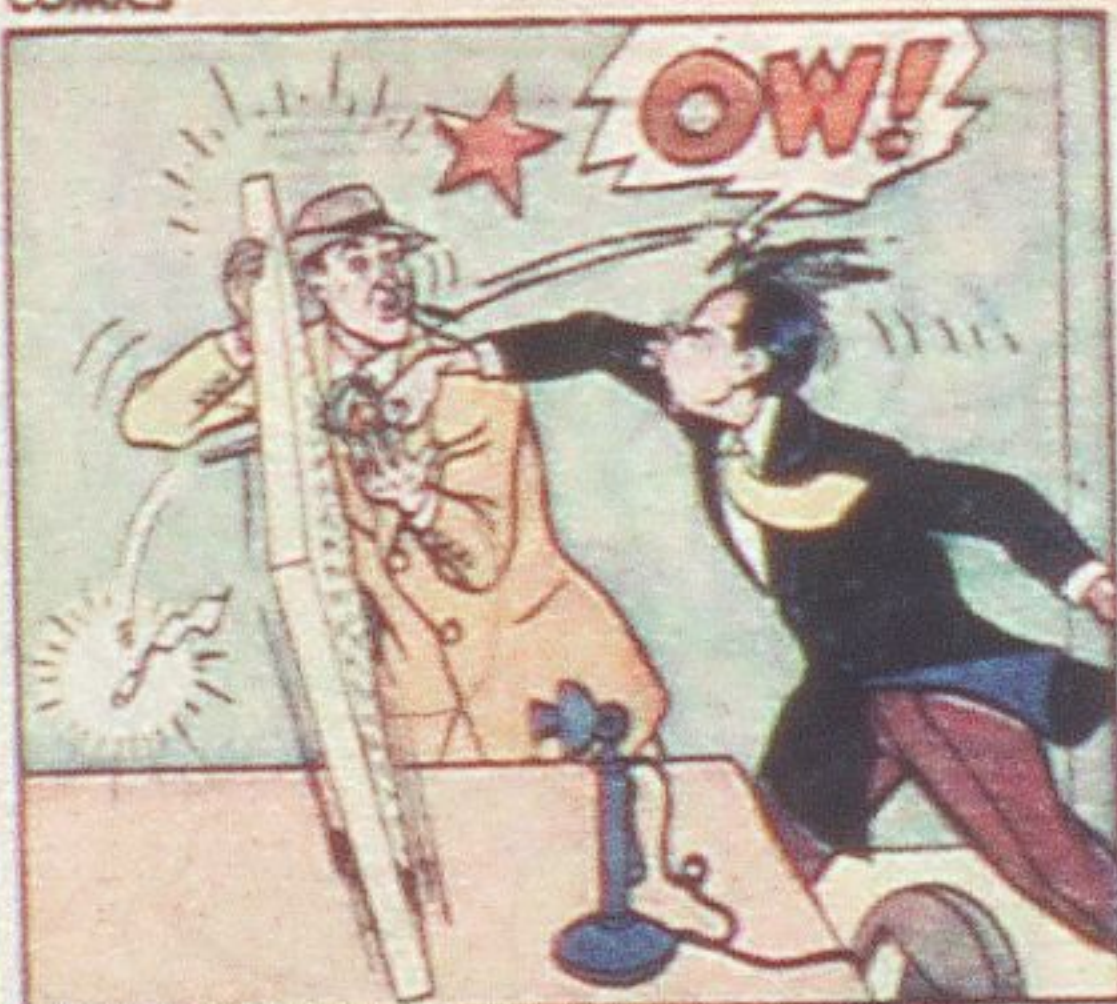
Dogtag opens a delivery service in Pottsville.



LUCKY NUMBER 7777 ON THIS PUNCHBOARD WINS A NEW CAR! C'MON - TAKE A PUNCH!

I'LL PUNCH **YOU** IF YOU DON'T GET OUT! I DON'T BELIEVE IN GAMBLING!







GOOD WORK CLANCY!
STAND BACK NOW AND
I'LL SET FIRE
TO IT!



NOW FOR SMOKEY'S
POOL PARLOR! WE'LL
SMASH THOSE SLOT
MACHINES AND PIN-
BALL GAMES HE'S
GOT IN THE BACK
END!

RIGHT! WHEN THE
MAYOR SAYS GAMBLERS
GOT TO GO-IT GOES!



I'M GLAD MAYOR PILFER IS
DRIVING THE GAMBLERS OUT
OF BUSINESS! I'M GONNA
VOTE FOR HIM IN
TOMORROW'S ELECTION!



I HOPE THAT'S
A CUSTOMER
CALLING!



DOGTAG'S DELIVERY SERVICE? THIS
IS JACK'S WAX WORKS! I'VE JUST
FINISHED A WAX FIGURE OF THE
MAYOR! IT'S A SURPRISE GIFT,
AND I WANT IT
DELIVERED TO HIM
RIGHT AWAY!

I'LL BE
RIGHT
OUT!



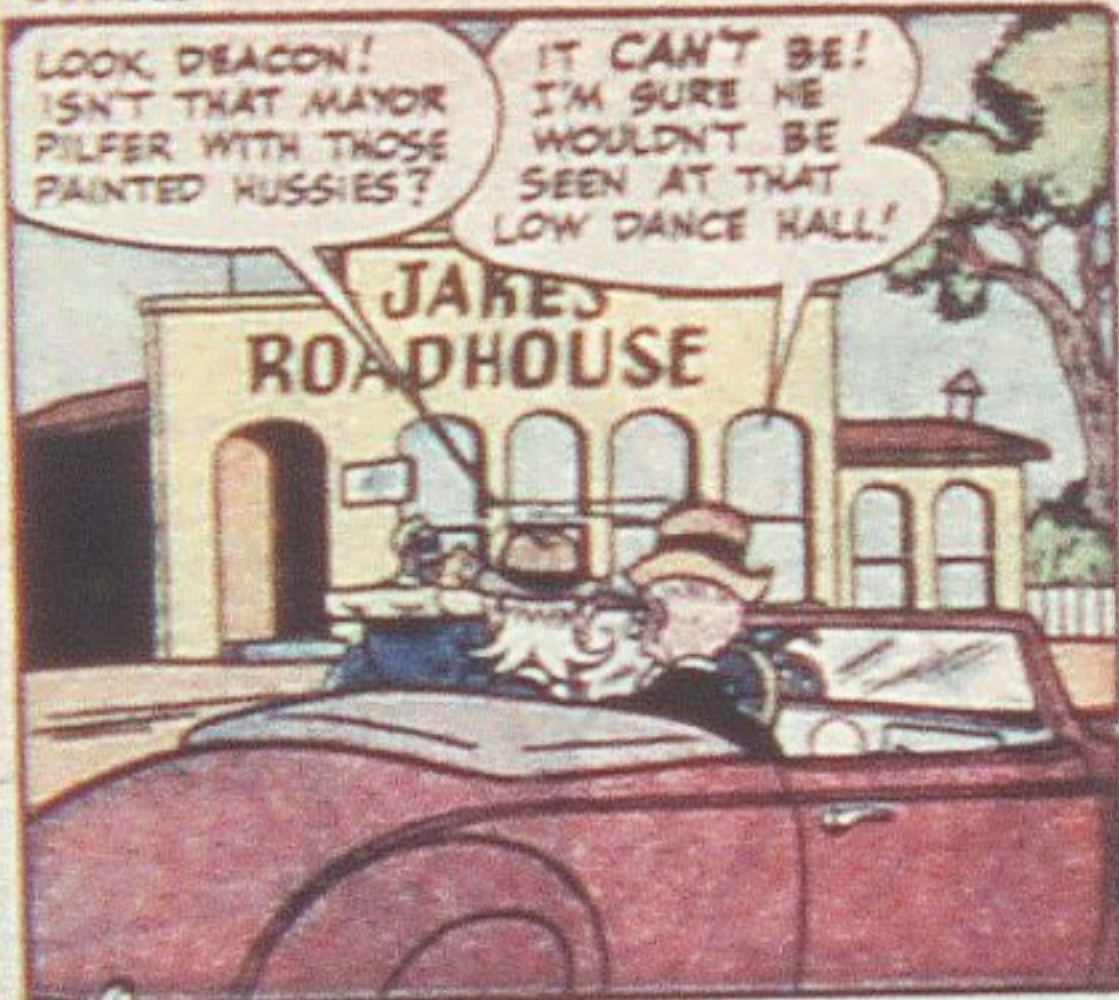
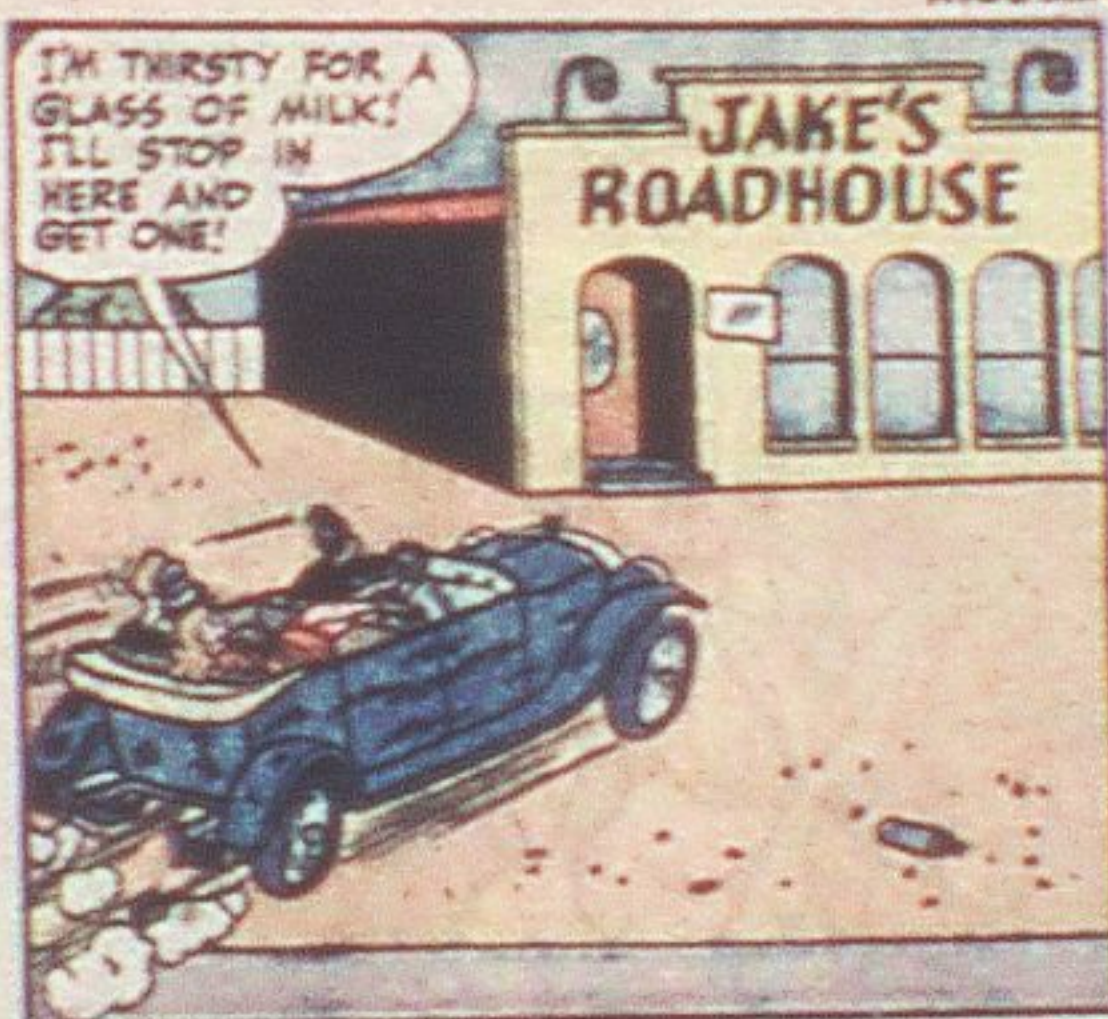
WHILE DOGTAG IS AT IT, HE
MAY AS WELL DELIVER THESE
WINDOW DUMMIES I MADE
FOR DOOLEY'S DEPARTMENT
STORE!



So... a short
time later...

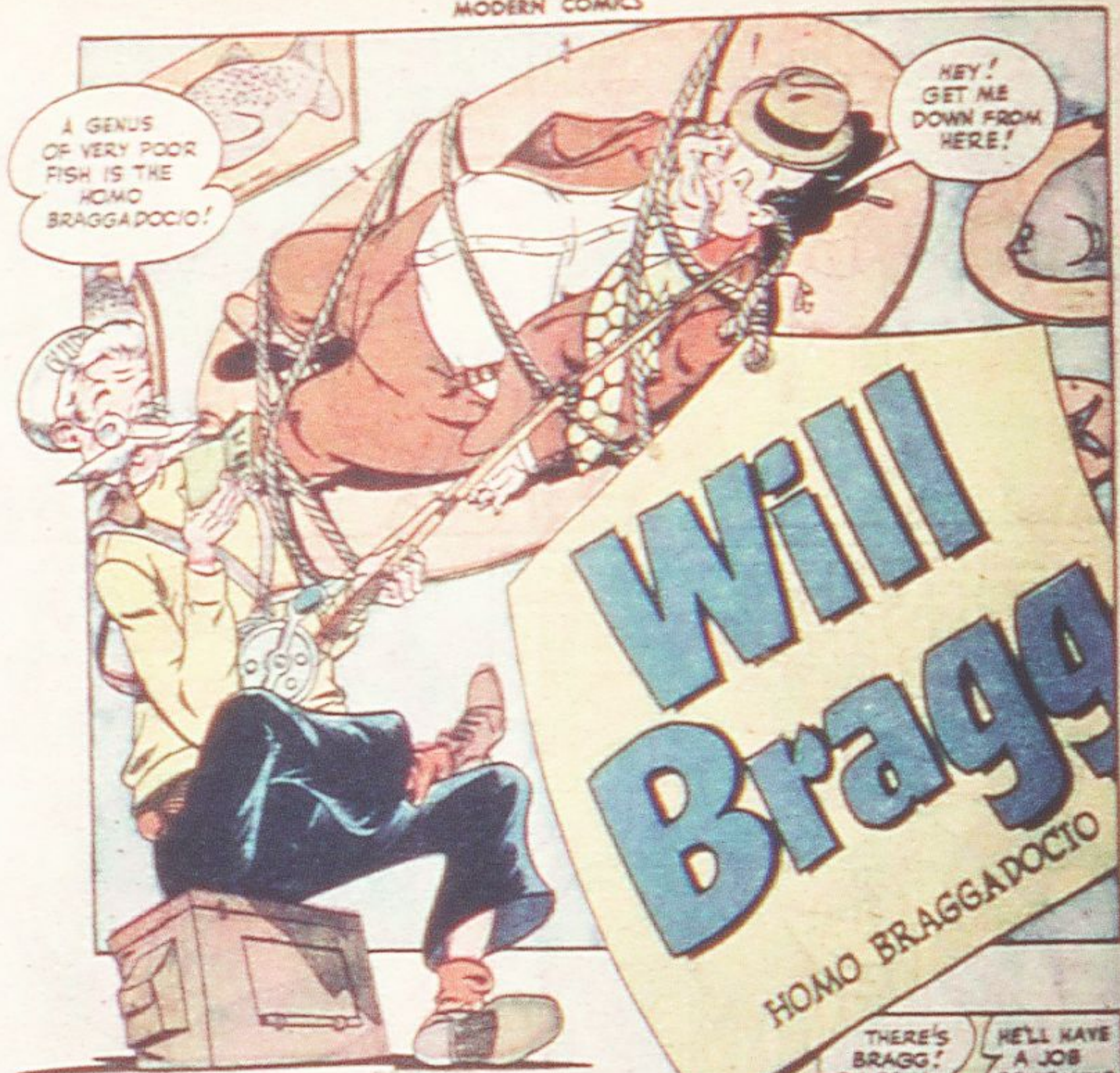
SARAH!
AIN'T THAT
MAYOR PILFER
WITH THEM
AWFUL
GIRLS?

MY STARS! I NEVER
WOULDA BELIEVED IT!
OUR OWN MAYOR,
A-CARRYIN' ON LIKE
THAT IN BROAD DAY-
LIGHT!











FISHING? CAN'T!
ER—TOO BUSY—
ER—A LOT TO DO—
ER—



WE KNOW, BRAGG!
WE'RE PRETTY
SMALL POTATOES
COMPARED WITH
YOUR FRIEND
JOE HOOKER, THE
NATIONAL CHAMP!
BUT—

WELL, FELLAS,
IT IS KINDA
DULL, AFTER
THE BIG KILLS
JOE—ER—
SWORDFISH
AND I USETA
MAKE! EVER
TELL YOU
WHY I CALL HIM
SWORDFISH?



JOE HOOKED A
WHOPPER—SIX-
HUNDRED POUNDS!
IT WOULD BREAK
WATER, THEN STREAK
AWAY, TAKING HIS LINE
OUT WITH IT! TOOK HIM
FIVE HOURS TO LAND—
WITH MY HELP, OF
COURSE!



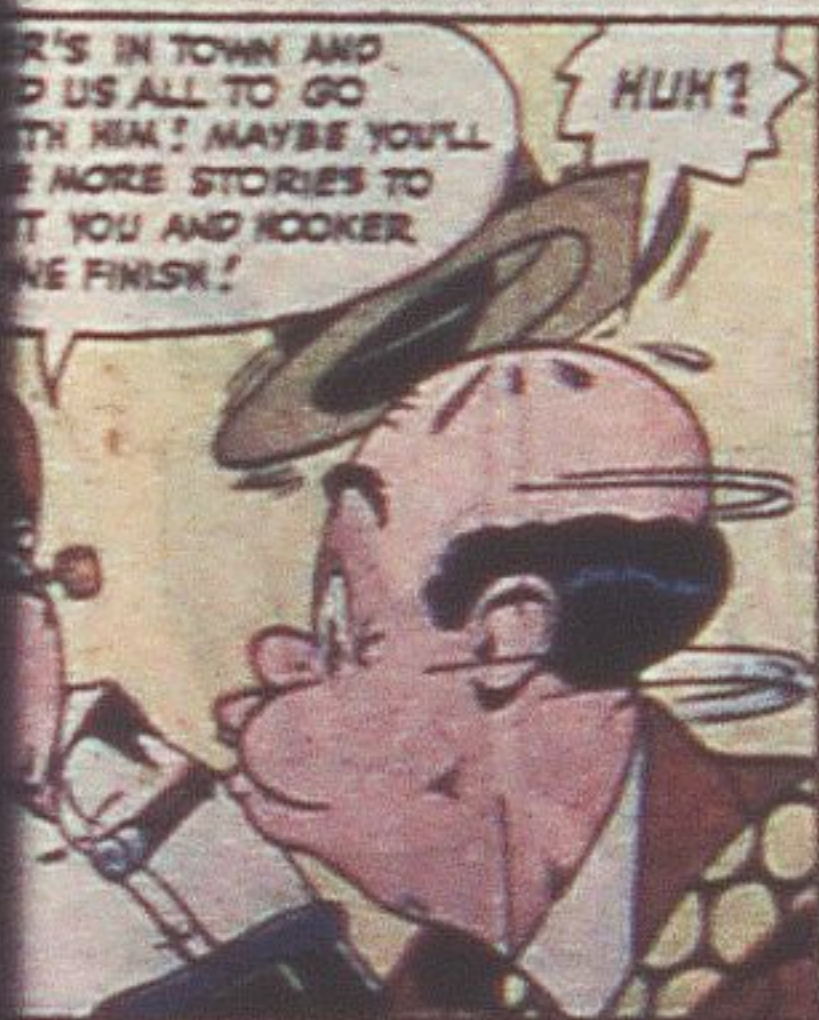
DAY, WE WENT TUNA FISHING! I
AN EIGHT-HUNDRED POUNDER!
AFTER THAT HE CALLED ME
TUNA AND I CALLED
HIM SWORDFISH!

GOLLY!



SWORDFISH IS A GREAT GUY!
I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM AGAIN
AND—

WILL, WE'VE
GOT A GREAT
SURPRISE
FOR YOU!



ER'S IN TOWN AND
D US ALL TO GO
WITH HIM! MAYBE YOU'LL
MORE STORIES TO
T YOU AND HOOKER
WE FINISH!

HUH?



STAY WITH BRAGG AND—
ER—SEE THAT HE ISN'T
LATE, GULLY! WE'LL MEET
YOU AT THE BOAT!

GIKEY-
DOKE, MR.
SWENSON!



HURRY AND GET READY, WILL!

WHY DON'T I KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT? I'VE NEVER EVEN MET JOE HOOKER!

GULLY, I CAN'T GO FISHING! I—I'M SICK! I—GOTTA WORK!



DID I HEAR YOU SAY WORK? IF YOU NEED SOMETHING FOR WORK, I'LL LET YOU IN!

BUT... BUT...



OH, WILL! DO YOU HAVE A JOB? THEN YOU'LL BE STAYING ON HERE!

THINGS ARE GETTING WORSE BY THE MINUTE!



FISHING, HUH? I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO FRY THEM IN THIS SKILLET!

COME ON, GULLY! ONE THING'S SURE—I CAN'T STAY HERE!



GOSH, WILL, I'LL BET YOU CAN HARDLY WAIT TO MEET YOUR OLD FRIEND, JOE HOOKER!

WHAT'LL I DO? THERE'S NO WAY OUT! MAYBE I OUGHT TO DROWN MYSELF!



Meanwhile—

YOU'RE SURE, MR. HOOKER, THAT YOU DON'T KNOW WILL BRAGG?

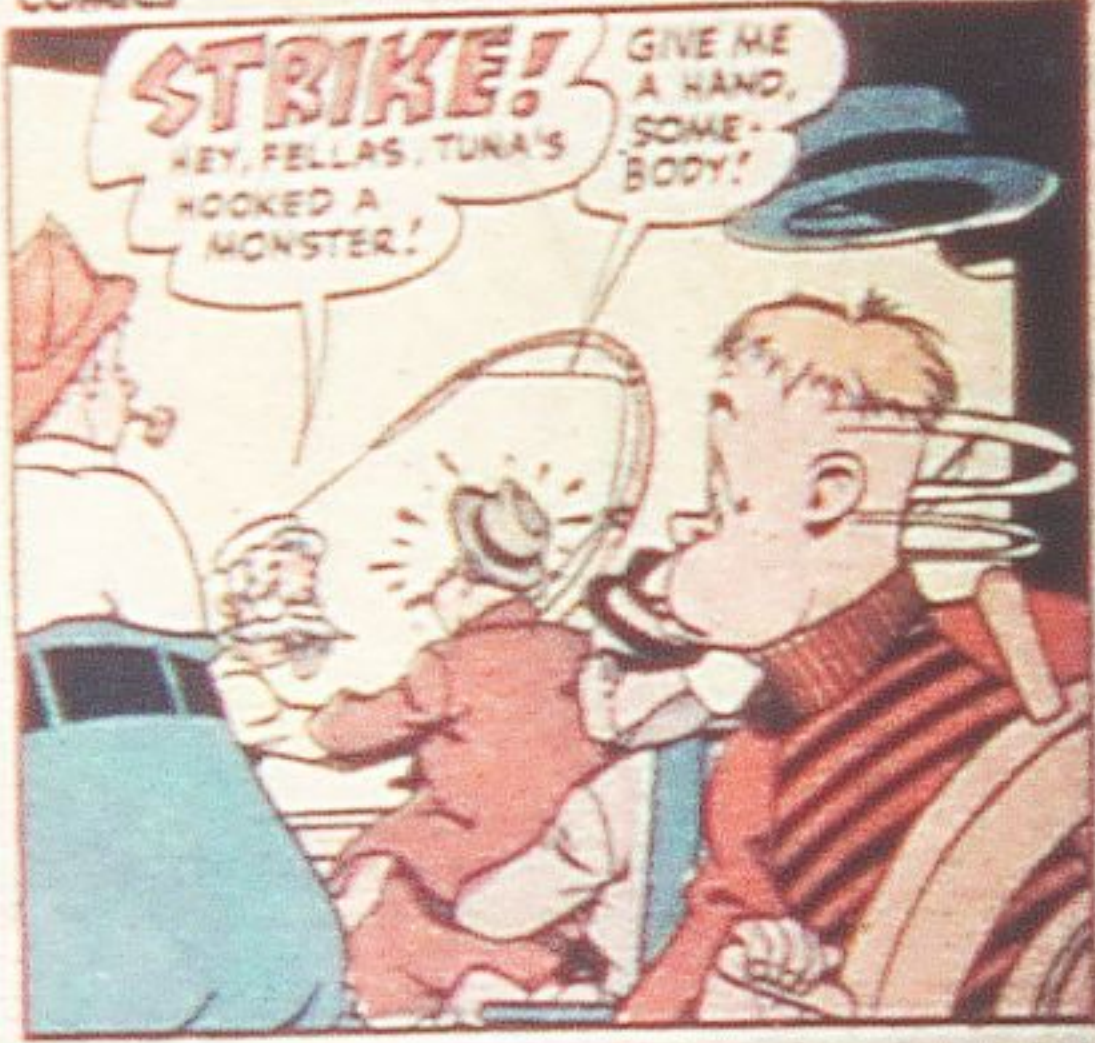
BRAGG? I DON'T REMEMBER ANYONE BY THAT NAME!



GREAT PALS, HUH? HA, HA, HA! WE'VE GOT BRAGG CORNERED THIS TIME!

HO, HO, HO! WHAT A SUCKER!



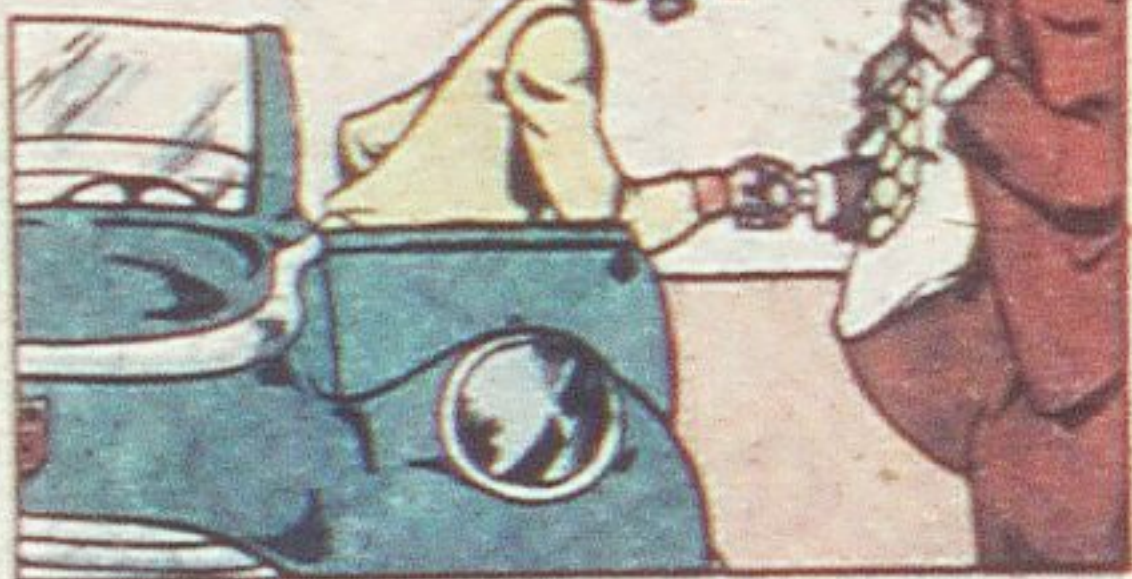


...E, BRAGG! YOU WIN THE
...OL, TOO! YOU CAUGHT
...THE BIG ONE!

WELL,
THANKS,
FELLOWS!

GOOD-BYE, TUNA, OLD
FRIEND! YOU'VE NO
IDEA WHAT A PLEASURE
IT'S BEEN TO FISH
WITH YOU AGAIN!

GOOD-BYE, SWORDFISH!
AND THANKS FOR
EVERYTHING!



WE GOT WHAT
ALL REAL
SPORTSMAN-
SHIP!

AND YOU TELL
THE BIGGEST
WHOPPERS OF
ANYONE I
EVER MET!
EXCEPT, TODAY,
I BELIEVE I
OUTDID YOU!

WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE
HOOKER
MEANT BY
THAT?

SOMETHING TELLS
ME WE'RE THE
SUCKERS!



Later
THERE'S A LITTLE
EXTRA MONEY
THERE, MRS.
MAHOLAHAN -- TO
COVER PARLOR
PRIVILEGES!

I NEVER WOULD HAVE
BELIEVED IT! IT
ALMOST SOUNDS
LIKE A FISH
STORY!



SKIPPER



EZRA

FORE!

AW, DON'T BE GREEDY, EZRA! AREN'T THREE ENOUGH?



OH, LOOK!

I'D LOVE TO TAKE YOU TO THE DANCE, MYRNA, BUT I JUST DON'T HAVE THE MONEY!

LET'S HAVE A PAPER, JOE!

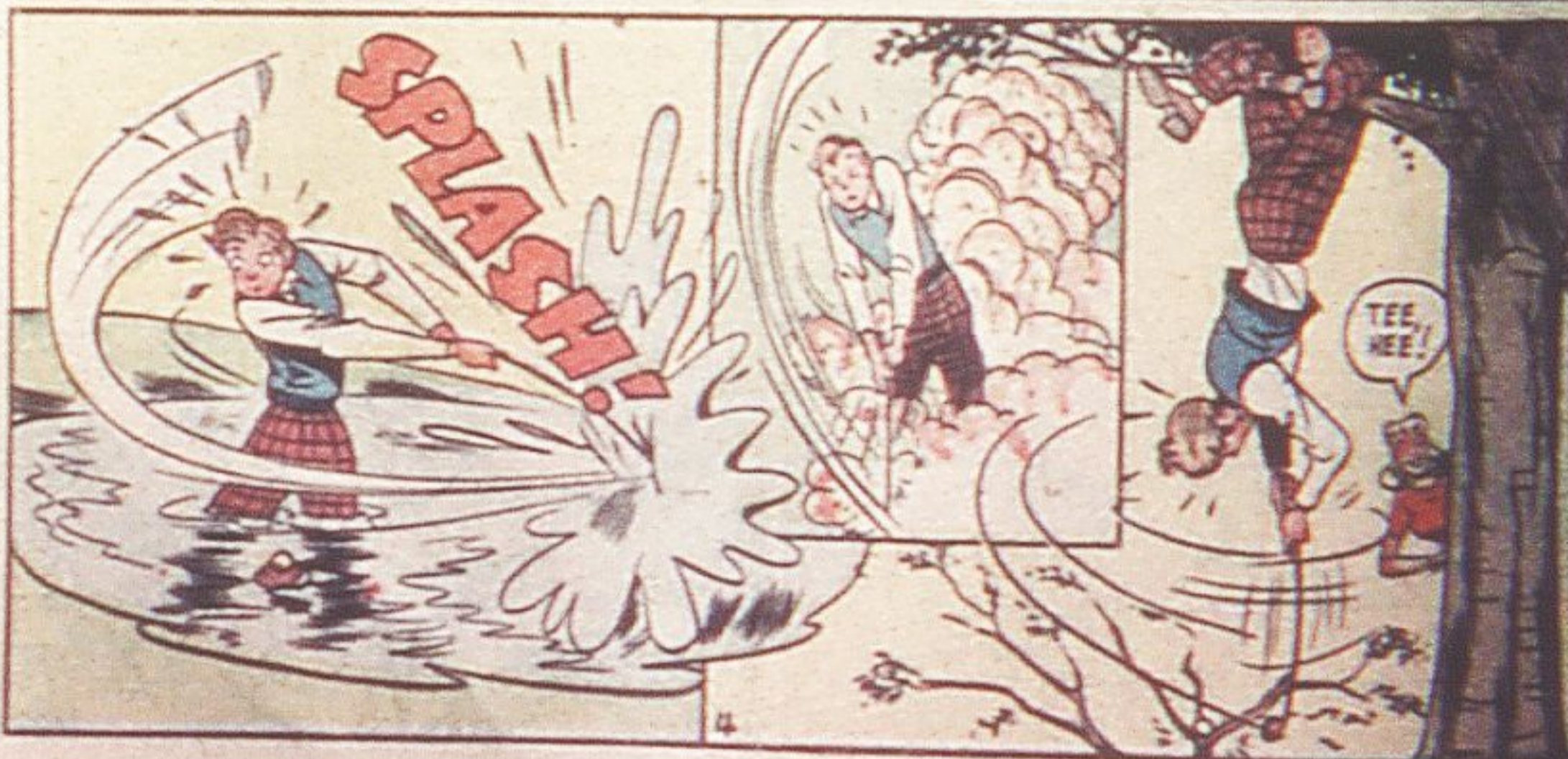
WIMMEN! ALWAYS HAVE TO MEASURE THINGS IN TERMS OF MONEY—

...AND THAT MAKES ME THE SHORTEST GUY IN SCHOOL!

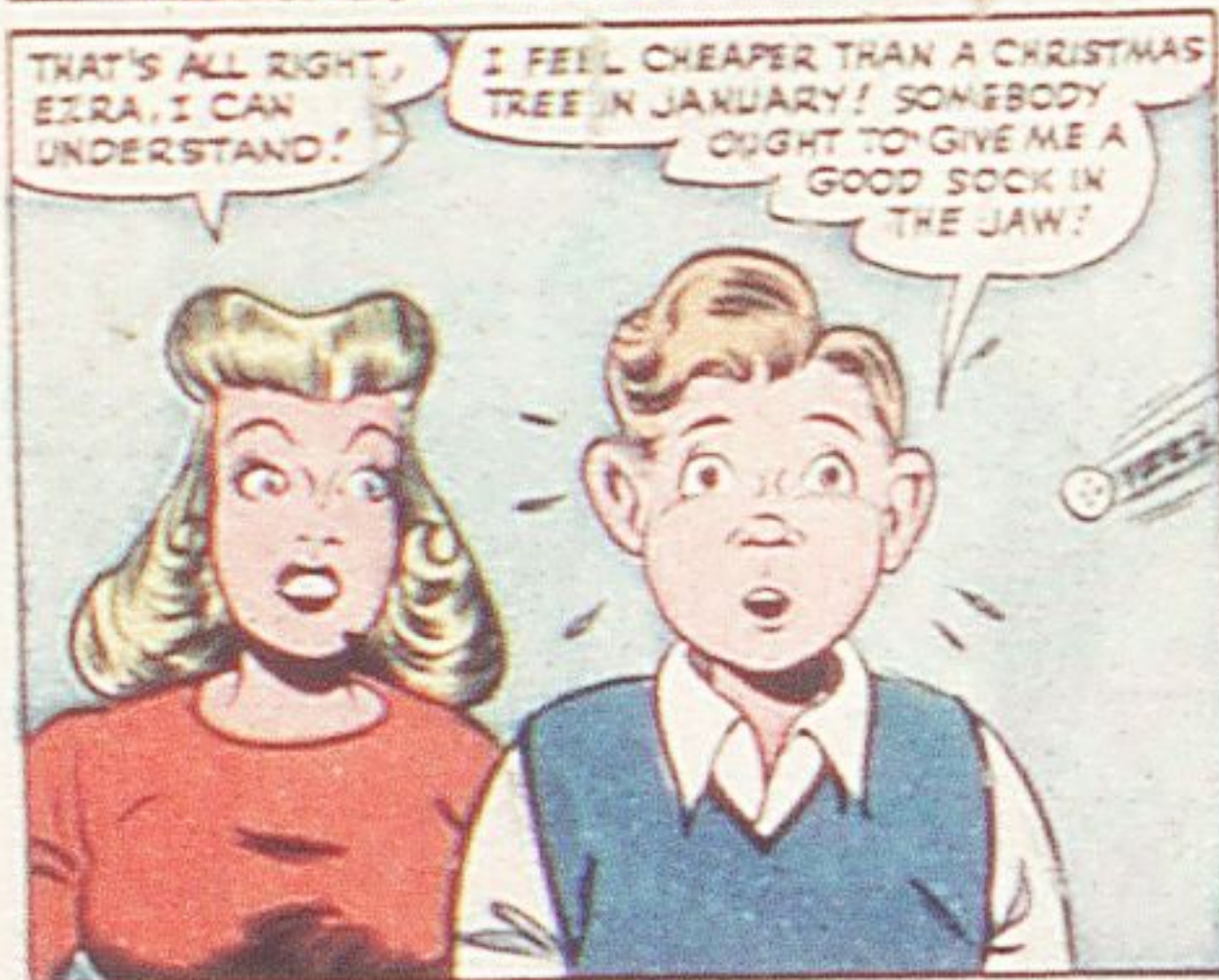












OSH, MYRNA, YOU
HAVE TO TAKE
SO SERIOUSLY!

OH, EZRA! YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT!



I GUESS YOU DIDN'T
HEAR MY WARNING
WHEN I TEED OFF!

GOLLY, I HOPE I
DIDN'T RUIN YOUR
SHOT!



YOU DIDN'T! BUT SAY,
HARD THE YOUNG LADY
THE BUGS
BERGEN DANCE!

YEH! WE WERE
HOPING TO GO,
BUT NOW I GUESS
WE'LL STAY HOME
AND LISTEN TO
HIS RECORDS!



WELL, I'M BUGS BERGEN,
AND YOU'VE BEEN SUCH
A GOOD SPORT ABOUT
THIS ACCIDENT---

BUGS
BERGEN?



THAT I'D LIKE YOU TWO TO BE
MY GUESTS FOR DINNER AND THE
DANCE--- AND, IF YOU'D LIKE,
THE BOYS ARE HAVING A
LITTLE JAM SESSION
LATER!

GOLLY!

GEE!



--- SO THEN BUGS SAID, "EZRA,
IF YOU'LL HELP ME WITH MY
GOLF GAME, YOU AND MYRNA
CAN BE MY GUESTS AT THE
DANCE!" SO I SAID---



The FIREBALLS

THUNDERING through heavy cloud masses, the big plane of the Blackhawks headed westward. The sun was a red ball directly ahead.

Blackhawk, at the controls, studied the big red ball with an appreciative look. To him there was always something extremely romantic about flying into the sun. He imagined that in the days of clipper ships there must have been mariners who felt the same way. The only difference was that planes were many times faster than ships and one's spirits could literally and figuratively soar.

Andre, the French navigator, was looking at the sun too. He had a puzzled expression. Suddenly he said, "Odd about zat sun, Blackhawk. According to my watch, it should have been down some minutes ago. Yet zere it is, still big as life!"

Blackhawk said, "Well, now that you mention it, Andre, there is something funny about that sun. You're right—it should be down."

Hendrickson, the big Dutch engineer, sidled into the control cabin and stared out the pilot's window for a moment.

"Huh," he grunted. "Dot's a mighty odd sun. And fer why is she op yet?"

Blackhawk shook his head. "We're a bit puzzled, Hendrickson. That's like no sun we've ever seen. And what's stranger yet, it seems to be getting bigger!"

Chuck, the American radioman, slipped into the compartment with a startled look on his face.

"Hay, you guys!" he shouted. "The radio signals have died out. I can't get a thing!"

Blackhawk pointed ahead. "Take a look at that sun, Chuck," he said. "Ever see anything like it?"

Chuck's mouth fell open. "Well, break my aerial and call me static!" he exclaimed. "I'll say I never did. How come? What's wrong with the sun, anyway?"

Stanislus, the big Balkan scientist of the group, entered from his "flying" laboratory. He looked glum.

"There is somet'ing wrong. I haf been watching that sun for some time. She is all wrong, that sun!"

"We're agreed on that, Stan," said Blackhawk. "And may I point out again that it's

rapidly getting larger? It's swelling to almost twice it's normal size!"

It was true. As their plane flew westward, the ominous sun had grown vastly larger. Now it appeared to fill the entire sky ahead of them.

Chuck yelled, "Bring her nose up, Blackhawk! Looks like we're gonna plow into it if we don't get some altitude!"

The leader lifted the ship easily and they gained altitude. Still the huge red filled the vast area which lay ahead.

Blackhawk was forced to hit 45,000 feet before they seemed to be flying above the frightening orbit of fire.

A tenseness gripped every member of the crew. Little Chop Chop, the Chinese, hurried in with a tray of sandwiches. He looked at the sun and puckered his lips.

"Ancestor say, sun hide on other side of world," he commented. "Guess mebbe we reach other side." Chop Chop shook his head and shuffled away, muttering.

The gigantic sun was almost below them now, and it seemed as large as the universe. At 60,000 feet, they could feel the awful heat from it, and they heard an ominous crackling sound above the throb of the engines.

"This is the most frightening thing I've ever seen," said Blackhawk. "That sun's traveling at enormous speed, and not far above the surface of the ocean."

"Stan," said Chuck, "haven't you doped out anything yet about what that thing is?"

Stanislus shook his head. "It would be hard to say, Chuck. It looks like a creation of the devil, yes."

"But scientifically," Chuck persisted. "What could it be?"

Blackhawk said, "One thing certain, it isn't an escaped planet, nor is it a meteor. Note its direct line of travel—straight east. It almost seems as if it might be man-guided!"

The sun sped beneath them with blinding speed, and in a few seconds had vanished in the east. And at that time Chuck at last got a clear radio signal.

His face was pale beneath his tan as he listened. The message over, he removed his headset and closed the key.

"That thing crashed into a ship a hundred miles from here and blew it to smithereens."

reported. "Coast Guard plane saw it hap-

Blackhawk brooded over the controls for a moment. "Can't you see what's going to happen?" he asked. "That thing was heading east. It will crash the West Coast—probably is there now. And the damage will be frightful. We must do something!"

Chuck held up a hand for silence as he tuned his receiver. When he closed his set, again his face was pasty white.

It struck south Portland, wiped out everything in its path, then cut a great swath through the Oregon forest country toward the coast.

The receiving signal glowed, indicating another incoming message. Chuck listened for a moment, then asked that the message be repeated. This time Chuck cut in the loudspeaker for all to hear. This is what they heard:

"Citizens of America: This is only a warning. The next fire balls will be far bigger and more dreadful. I can easily wipe out the entire country in a few minutes. I don't wish to do that. I only wish dominion over your country. I'll give you five hours to answer. Heed my warning, Americans!"

The crew was stunned for a moment. Then Andre said in a hushed voice, "Sacre Nom! What madman is behind this? And what monstrous weapon is he using?"

Blackhawk made a few rapid manipulations on the huge panel before him. Then he grumbled, "What a stupid oaf I've been. I should have traced that signal. Now he's probably too far away."

Chuck said, "Then you think he's in a plane?"

Blackhawk nodded. "Most emphatically, I do."

"Wait," said Chuck. "Another message coming in. Listen." He flipped the loud speaker.

Again came the voice of the mysterious man: "Blackhawks, attention! I know all about you, where you are at this very instant. If I so desire, I can destroy you all. I don't wish to do that; you can be useful to me. Here are my instructions: Fly at once to your Island and await me. I have a proposition to make to you. Fly at once, please, or you'll be engulfed by a fireball!"

Blackhawk gazed around at the group, then announced, "We'll follow instructions, men. This may be the way to trap this demon. Let's fly at once to Blackhawk Island!"

Several hours later they landed in pitch darkness and eased the big ship into its hangar. Blackhawk then led the way up the stairway

to their council room. Chuck sat down at the radio and opened the set. He had hardly done this when a message came buzzing in.

"Blackhawk!" said the transmitting voice, "you did wisely. Please clear a landing space for our ship. We'll be coming down within a half hour. No tricks, if you value your lives."

The sender of this message did not give any identifying call signs.

Chuck adjusted the wave length, and caught a broadcast from the States.

"Strange fireball crashes into Rocky Mountains and explodes with earth-shaking impact. Thousand-foot crater results."

Then Blackhawk began barking commands. In a moment his men were back in the huge hangar, setting radio controls on several small fighter ships. The radar told them that a plane was approaching the island at a fast clip.

"But," said Blackhawk, "we don't know how well this strange plane is protected—perhaps it is able to throw up a wall of force that will deflect shells."

"Right," said Chuck. "Maybe they'll glance off."

Blackhawk grinned. "But we haven't tried the disintegrator fog as yet. We won't take any chances with these people. Turn on the disintegrator Stan!" he ordered.

Almost immediately after Stan threw the switch an impenetrable cloud of heavy metallic mist cloaked the island.

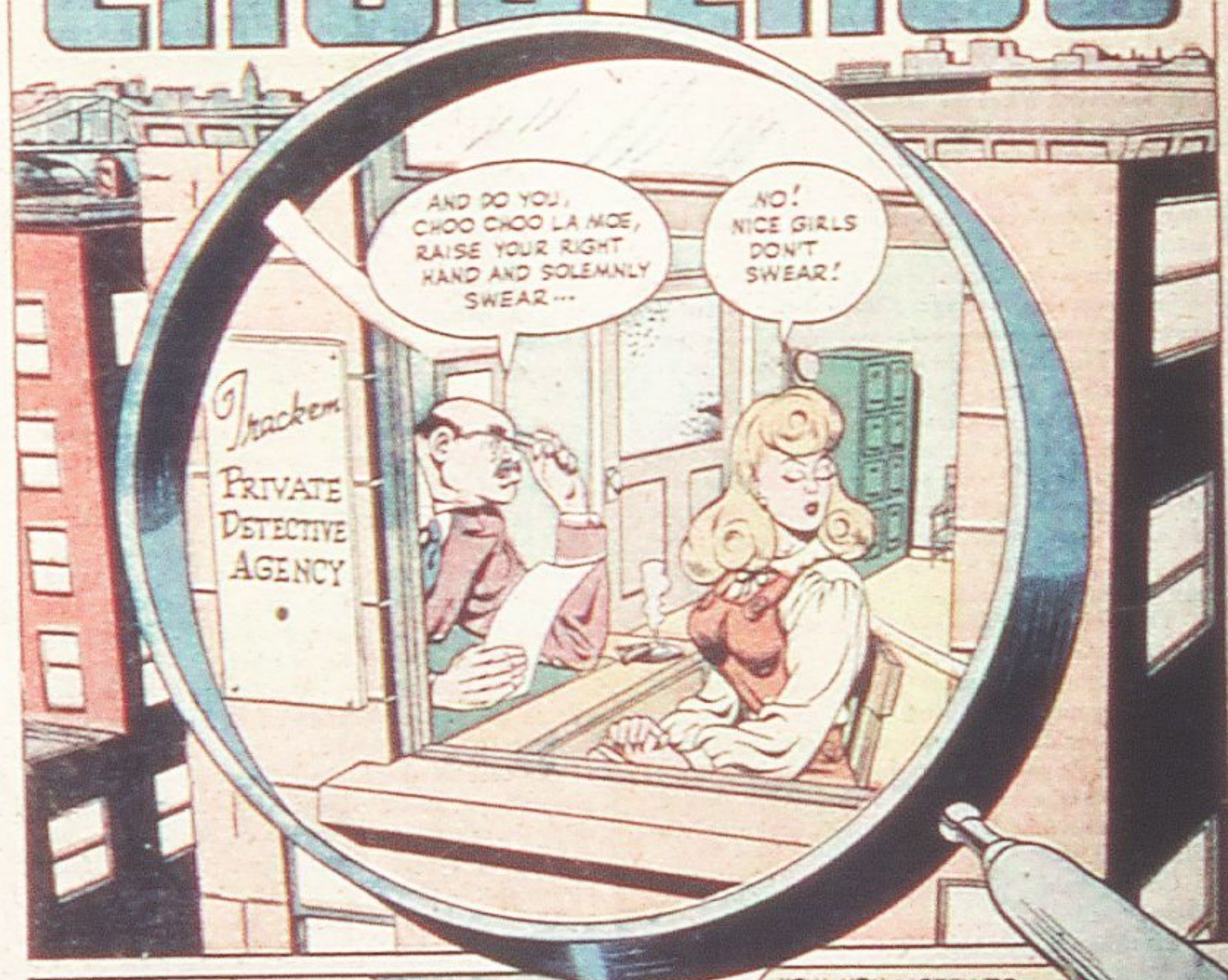
The roar of the fireball ship could be heard plainly now, so Blackhawk ordered the fighter ships launched—their fire to be coordinated at a common center about three thousand feet above the island.

The fighters had hardly left the runway, when, after a mighty roar, the sky was lit up for miles around. At first the Blackhawks thought it was another fireball, but then bits of wreckage began falling toward the island. The disintegrating fog had done its work, and the evil genius who developed the fireballs was no more. Chop Chop found his body in the wreckage. Papers in the dead man's tunic revealed that he was Zogaroff, a famous European scientist who had been commissioned by his government to conquer the United States.

The fireballs? Blackhawk figured they were possibly atomic balls, which, creating an arc of energy about them, continued to throw off force and gain in size and speed as they traveled.

But no one really knows what they were. The important fact was that America was spared from utter devastation by the courageous action of Blackhawk and his men.

CHOO CHOO



GOSH, CHERRY, GET A LOAD OF THIS—"AL MAGWOOD, HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER, FLYING EAST IN QUEST OF TALENT FOR FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION"!

HERTS!

NOW, YOU LISTEN TO ME, SARAH BERNHARDT! DROP YOUR THEATRICAL INTERESTS AND START SCANNING THE HELP-WANTED SECTION FOR A JOB! THE

RENT'S DUE THIS WEEK!

OKAY, SIMON LEGREE, BUT YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND ME!



HERE'S SOMETHING!
SALE INVESTIGATOR
WANTED FOR PRIVATE
AGENCY! INTERESTING WORK,
GOOD WAGES?

THAT'S MORE
LIKE IT! JOT
DOWN THE
ADDRESS
AND WE'LL
HIT THAT
AGENCY
FIRST!



WELL, THIS IS IT!
WISH ME LUCK!

I'LL BE
ROOTING
FOR YOU,
KID!



YOUR APPLICATION SEEMS
IN GOOD ORDER, MISS
LA MOE! HAVE YOU EVER
ANY EXPERIENCE IN
DETECTIVE LINE?

WELL, I'VE HAD
A LOT OF
PRACTICE IN
TRAILING
JOBS!

WE'LL PUT YOU THROUGH AN
ELEMENTARY JIJITSU
COURSE AND YOU'LL
BE ALL SET, MISS
LA MOE!

GYM

JIJITSU?
B-BUT I---

SHOW THIS
YOUNG LADY
THROUGH SOME
BASIC JIJITSU,
CRUSHER!

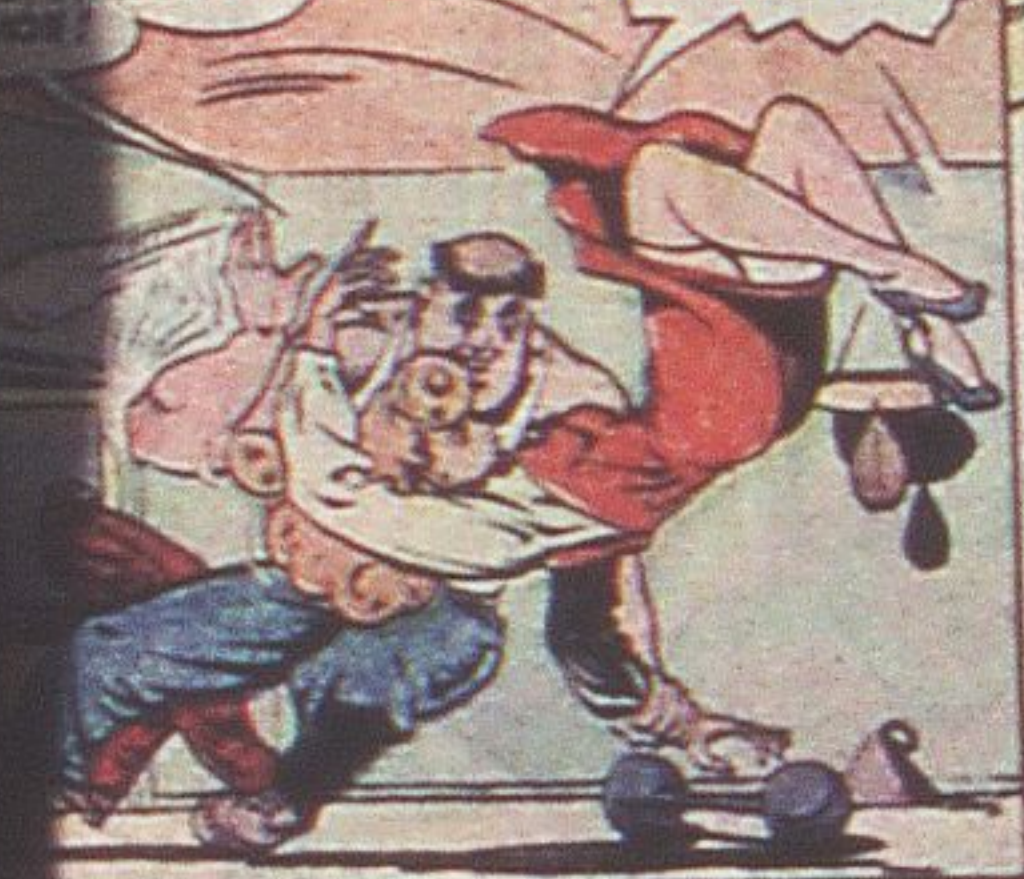
WITH PLEASURE,
CHIEF!

B-BUT,
I---



IS KNOWN
AS THE GROUND
SQUAD, MISS LA

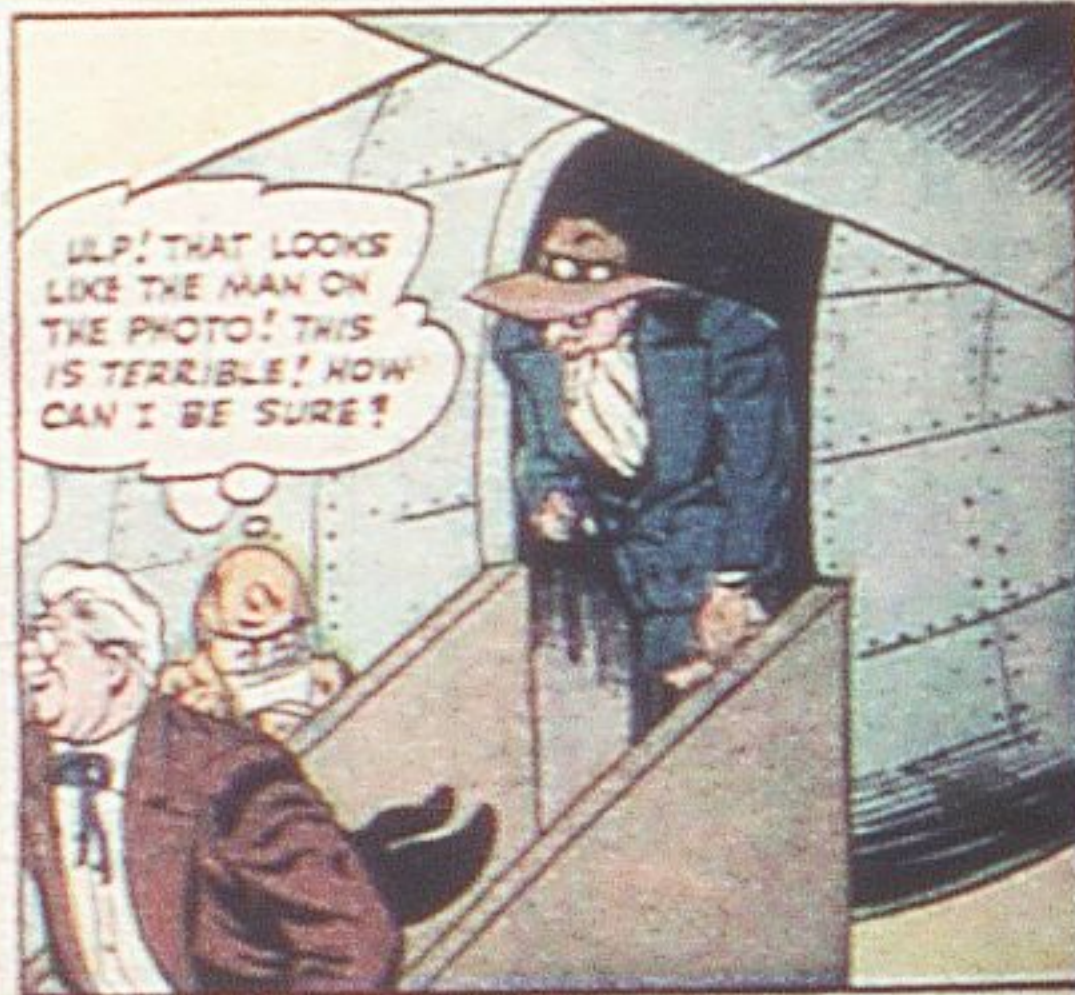
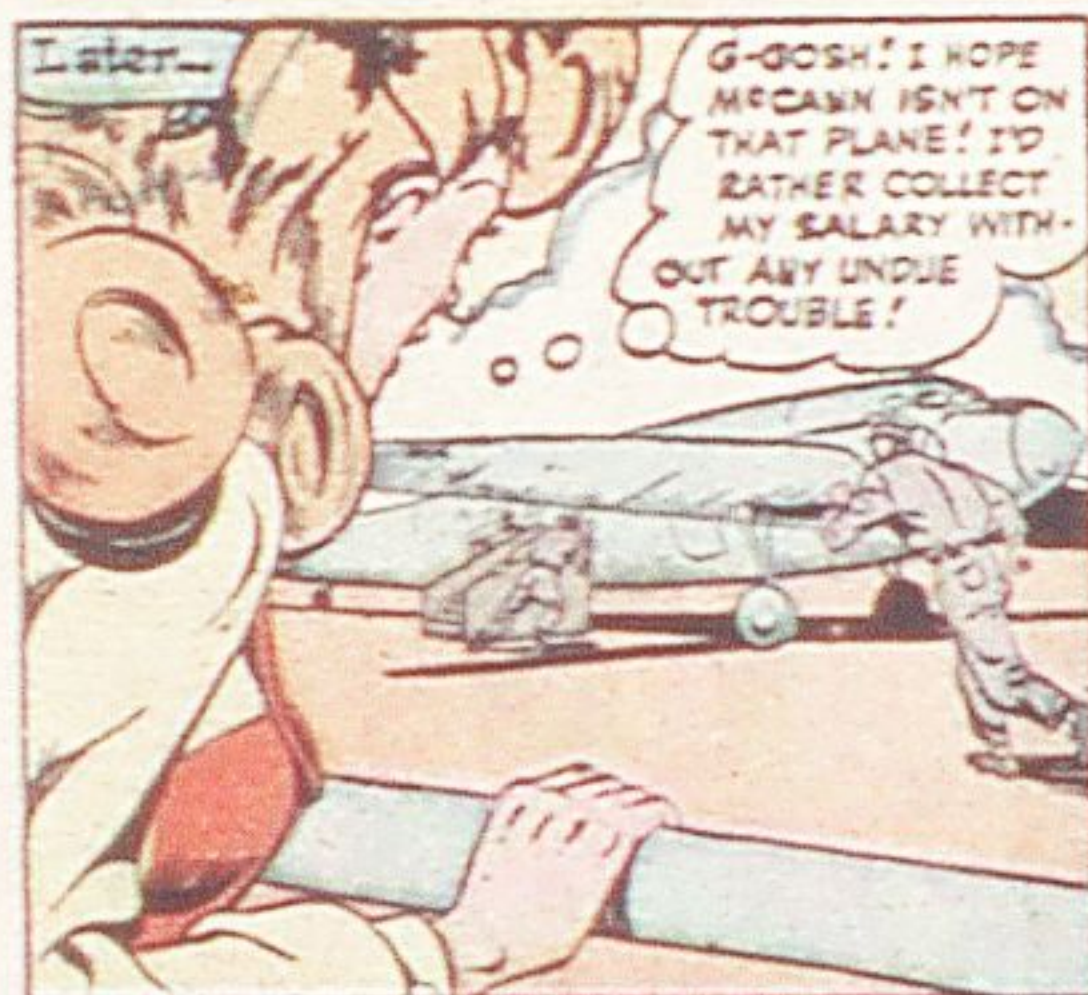
EEEEK!

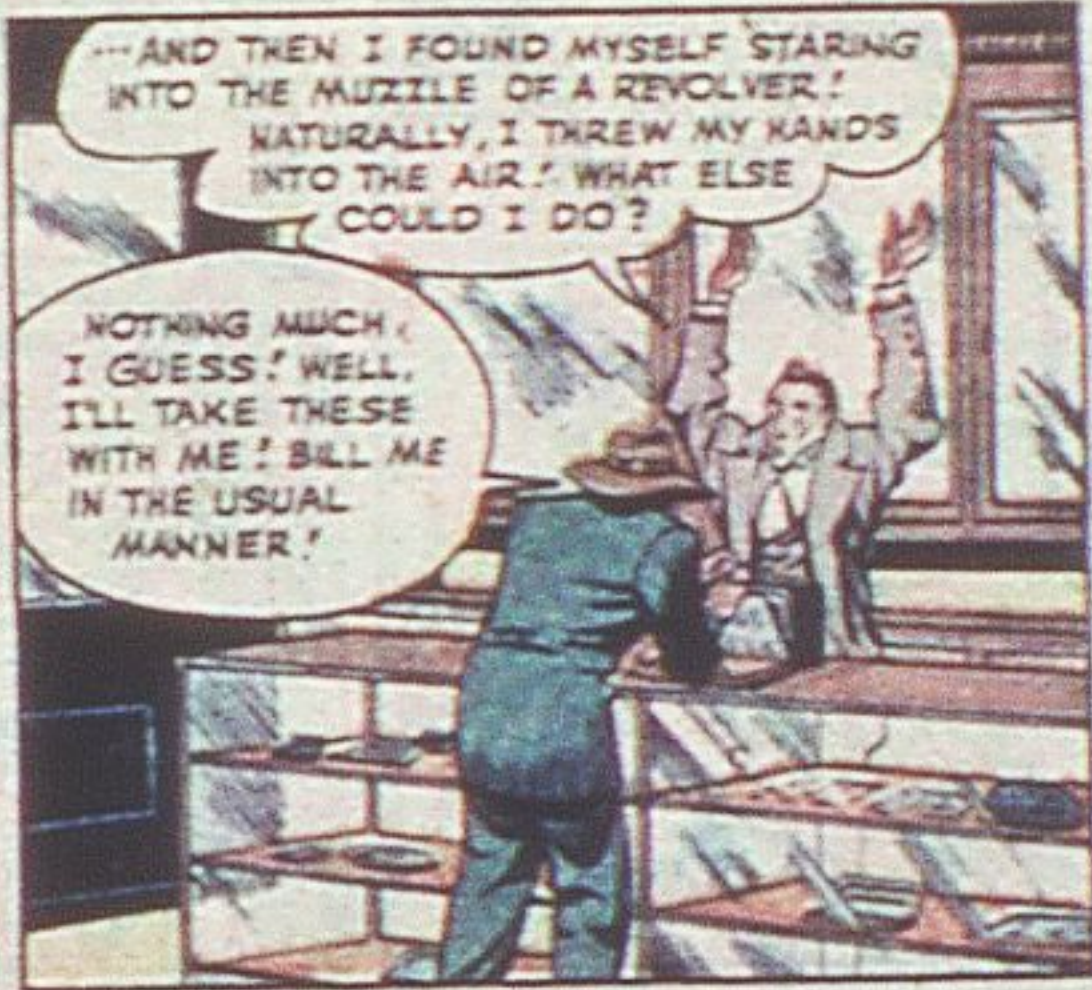


HUH? MISS LA MOE, HAVE YOU COMPLETED
YOUR COURSE SO
QUICKLY?

YES, INDEED! I'VE
FINISHED THAT COURSE...
AND THE INSTRUCTOR!











WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON
HIS NEW BIKE!



SURE,
IT'S GOT A NEW
Bendix
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX MAKES
BRAKES FOR CARS, TRUCKS AND
PLANES, TOO!



NO WONDER JOE'S
BIKE PEDALS EASIER,
COASTS LONGER
AND STOPS
QUICKER!



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Longer life—Dependable performance—
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take apart—Sealed against dirt and water.

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Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

NEW! *It's A HIT!* Jim Prentice SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949 ELECTRIC BASEBALL

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BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME - DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!



SAYS DAD... THE COACH

HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEAMED!

GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!

AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD

HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! C'MON FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!



WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!

OH, BOY! LET'S GO!

HEY, THAT'S BEEN!

I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE. YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!

WE WANT A HOME RUN!

STRIKE HIM OUT!

I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!

WATCH MY FAST BALL!



Big 14 x 16 in.

STEEL BALL MOVES IN PLAY

Hi, Fellers!

This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and screaming enthusiasm of sandlot games. Let's play... It's the last of the 1940's... we're tired of the old ball game. You are the last man up with 3 balls and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WALK a homer or WHIFF the homer? Have or don't! Batter must be sharp to "see" the steel ball as it hurtles through the slot at home plate. He loses the five points, when he loses, much to his surprise. The play of the game packs every minute full of spine-tingling thrills, breathtaking excitement, just like big league ball games. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times. Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built.

\$3.00

Special Price! If you are taking you can get your game at the special promotion price of \$2.50, complete with new steel balls (valued at \$1.00) ready to play. Or, if you prefer, pay \$3.00 in full and get the game plus the balance \$1.00 in 30 days. WE PAY POSTAGE AND COLLECTION CHARGES.

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3.00	2.50
Amount	Amount

C.O.D. Send \$1.00 Postage collect balance

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Street _____
City _____ State _____



ALL GAMES POSTPAID

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"ROUNDING UP
THE RUSTLERS"



WHILE
VACATIONING
OUT WEST,
DEPUTY U.S.
ROYAL AND
THE BOYS OF
THE ELM CITY
BIKE CLUB
ARE ENJOYING
THE SIGHTS,
WHEN
SUDDENLY...

SAY, ROYAL,
WHO'S KICKING UP
ALL THAT DUST
DOWN THERE IN
THE VALLEY?

RUSTLERS! AND
THE POSSE'S
NOT FAR BEHIND!



AND AS ROYAL WATCHES THE CHASE THROUGH
HIS GLASSES, HE SEES...

GOOD! THE
POSSE CAN'T
FIGURE WHICH
WAY WE WENT!

WELL, KEEP RIDIN'...
WE AIN'T SAFE TILL
WE GET THROUGH THE
GORGE UP AHEAD...



FELLAS, YOU TWO BIKE DOWN AND
TELL THE POSSE TO HEAD FOR THE
GORGE... I'LL HAVE A NICE SURPRISE
THERE WAITING FOR THEM!



NOW IF I CAN JUST
GET TO THE TOP
OF THAT GORGE
BEFORE THOSE
CATTLE-THIEVES
GET TO THE
BOTTOM!



I MADE IT! THESE
ROCKS WILL FORCE THEM
TO TURN BACK... RIGHT
INTO THE HANDS OF
THE POSSE!



BOYS, LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE
PUT AN END TO THIS RUSTLIN'
RACKET... THAT WAS MIGHTY
FAST WORK ON YOUR PART!

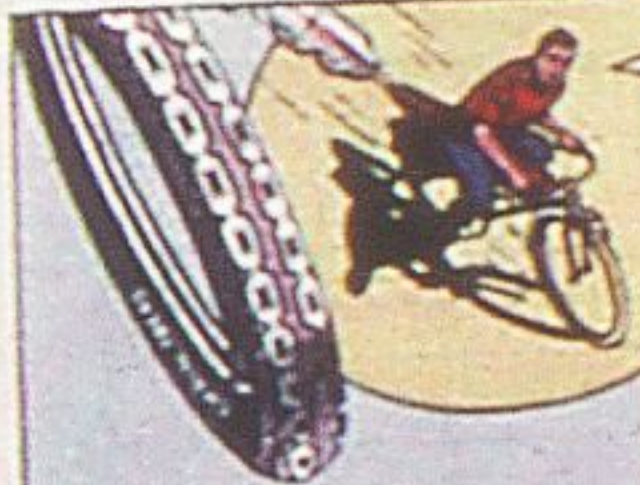
YOU MEAN MIGHTY
FAST BIKING...
THANKS TO OUR U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES!



FELLAS, SPEED AND SAFETY ARE REALLY
"BUILT INTO" U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES--
WITH THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN.



"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES--
TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL



IF YOU WANT TO BE SURE OF FIRM FOOTING...
SAFE, QUICK STOPS... MAXIMUM MILEAGE...
PERFECT CONTROL-- BE SURE TO GET U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT SPECIAL BUILT-
IN SKID CHAIN MAKES THEM TOPS IN TIRES.

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



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